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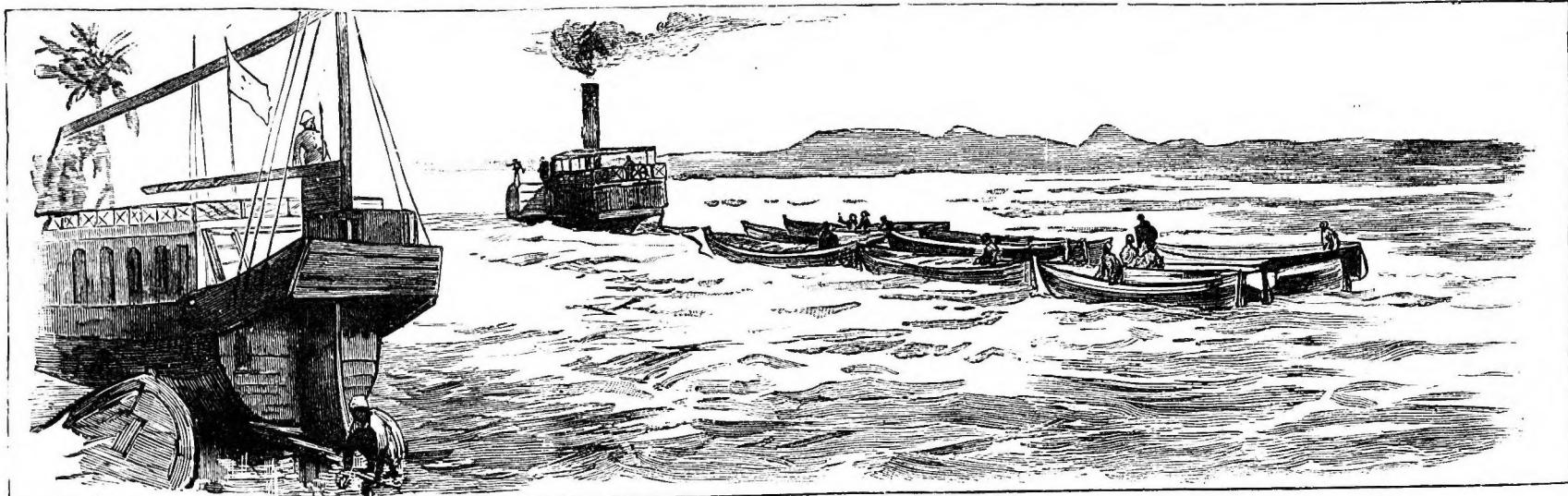
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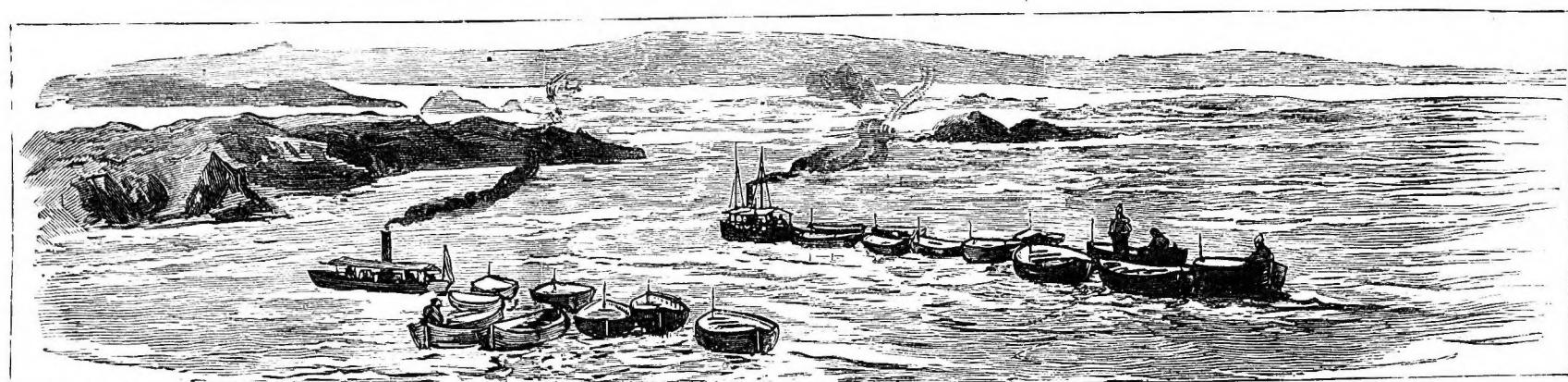
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1884

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



COOK'S TRANSPORT CEASES—GOVERNMENT PICQUET BOATS TOWING THE INFANTRY WHALERS TO THE RAPIDS OF THE GREAT CATARACT



ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST INFANTRY WHALE-BOATS AT WADY HALFA, WHERE COOK'S TRANSPORT CEASES



HEAVY CAVALRY AT SIOUT

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS, AND A MILITARY OFFICER



A UNITED LIBERAL PARTY.—On Tuesday, when the foundation stone of the National Liberal Club was laid, the policy of the Tory party in the House of Lords with regard to the Franchise Bill was referred to with satisfaction by several speakers. "I think we are very much indebted," said Lord Derby, "to our friends of the Opposition. They have played our game for us better than we could have played it for ourselves." And Sir Charles Dilke maintained that Liberals might "thoroughly and completely and heartily" congratulate themselves on "the extraordinary effect" of the action of the Conservative Peers "in consolidating and uniting all sections of Liberal opinion in this country." Now, it is quite true that so far as the principal question now before the country is concerned there is practically no difference of opinion among Liberals. The party is unanimous in thinking that the Franchise Bill ought to be rendered safe before a scheme of Redistribution is sent up to the House of Lords. If this particular controversy were got rid of, however, it is by no means clear that all members of the Liberal party would be able to act cordially together. On the question of Redistribution, for instance, there is likely to be much dissension among Mr. Gladstone's followers; for while Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Courtney, Sir John Lubbock, and many other Liberals have committed themselves to the principle of proportional representation, the doctrine has been strongly condemned by Mr. Bright, by Mr. Chamberlain, and by the Radicals generally. Again, what indication is there that only one opinion is held by Liberals as to the proper constitution of a Second Chamber, or to the question whether there ought to be a Second Chamber at all? About the policy of the Government in Egypt the only sense in which the Liberals can be said to be agreed is that they agree in denouncing the long series of blunders which have made the world suspect that England is losing most of the qualities that have made her great. The truth is that the Liberal party, now as always, includes men of many different ways of thinking, and that common action will be even more difficult in future than it has been in the past. For the questions which are now coming to the front are questions of extraordinary complexity, and about some of them there are Radicals who have very advanced notions indeed.

BLAINE v. CLEVELAND.—Regarding the contest for the honours of the White House from a purely British point of view a man might be somewhat puzzled to decide which candidate he would have wished to win. As for the men themselves, putting aside the defamatory stories which are always zealously circulated during these competitions, it is sufficient to remark that when he was a Cabinet Minister under a former Administration Mr. Blaine showed annexationist and decidedly anti-British tendencies. But the responsibilities of actual power will doubtless cool his enthusiasm in this respect, and it is satisfactory to note—although no doubt electioneering agents have made more of the incident than it deserves—that Mr. Blaine has been roundly accused of remissness in obtaining the release of an Irish-American patriot from the horrors of a British dungeon. Of Mr. Cleveland we know nothing internationally, but it may be presumed that the same moderation and good sense which he has shown in local offices would have been displayed in the Presidential Chair. As for the two great political parties under whose banners the bulk of American citizens are respectively ranged, although at the present time there seems little appreciable diversity in the doctrines which they profess, reflecting Englishmen will incline on the whole to favour the Republicans. This is partly on the principle of the vulgar proverb, "Better the devil you know than the devil you don't." The Republicans have been in office for a quarter of a century, and altogether we have got on better with them than with their predecessors who were chiefly Democrats. This improvement of international feeling is, of course, partly due to external causes; to increased intercourse between the two nations; to the fact that the Civil War taught the Americans to regard with leniency the bitter disappointment with which our forefathers regarded their "rebellion"; and partly because, as in the case of the Alabama Claims, we have yielded to American demands which a previous generation would probably have resisted. Still the fact remains that for many trying years we have got on fairly well with the Republicans, whereas of the Democrats as administrators we know nothing. But as any future difficulties in which we may be involved with the American Government are most likely to arise from the action of Irish settlers in that country, it is natural that Englishmen should look with some hesitation on a party to whose ranks the Irish-American Roman Catholics are still loyal. But the cares of office have a wonderfully sobering effect, and Mr. Cleveland, had he been elected, would soon have learnt to subordinate the aspirations of the Irish element to the interests of the entire Republic. On the whole, however, although Mr. Blaine's previous political record is calculated to inspire a certain degree of uneasiness on this side of the Atlantic, Englishmen need not regret that, as the latest returns indicate, the Republicans have attained another four years' lease of power.

CITY COMPANIES.—If the report of the Commission on City Companies should cause Parliament to lay a hand on the revenues of these institutions, the Companies will get small sympathy from the public. With vast incomes they have done comparatively little good. To their eternal shame it will be remembered that in a city where there are so many of these mighty guilds there is scarcely a passable public monument, not a decent picture-gallery or museum. The charge of educated people against the Companies is that they have done next to nothing for Art or Science—for the embellishment of London or for its improvement; while the public in general may reasonably complain that the Companies have squandered on extravagant feasting large sums which ought to have been employed for charitable objects. This has been especially the case since the City has become almost entirely a place of business and ceased to be a place of residence. Formerly apprentices, disabled artisans, and others, born within the City, had claims upon the bounties of various Companies; but for years past births within the City have been very few, and slums which used to be inhabited by poor folk are now full of counting-houses and towering office-chambers. That the Companies should spend some of the money which they saved by this altered state of things on hospitalities was allowable; but most of them have pushed their dinner-giving to absurd lengths. Besides, these prodigalities do not account for all the money which the Companies have disbursed out of their surpluses. It is repugnant to the Conservative instincts of Englishmen to see ancient corporations brought too strictly to book, and threatened with drastic reforms; but when we find that certain Companies, making loud boast of their charities, have been spending less than half their incomes on useful purposes, and protest against any questions being asked about the remaining halves, we must acknowledge that the time for a change has come.

EGYPT AND ENGLAND.—Now that Lord Northbrook is in England again, we shall probably soon hear something about the new departure which the Government propose to take in Egypt. It is difficult to believe that the result of their deliberations will be satisfactory to any political party. From the day when the Alexandrian forts were bombarded, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have shown so strange an incapacity to admit plain facts, that they alone are responsible if the country has almost ceased to believe in the possibility of a proper settlement of what is vaguely called the Egyptian Question. Even yet it would not be too late to act with the vigour which ought to have been displayed long ago. The Egyptian people would like nothing better than to see England adopting a firm and consistent policy; and there is no reason to suppose that, if we practically established a Protectorate, we should meet with serious resistance from any of the Great Powers. Even France is beginning to admit that England, in spite of herself, will always necessarily be supreme in Egypt: and that, if this is a disagreeable fact, it is the inevitable consequence of the action of the French in declining to sanction the interference of their Government in the affairs of Egypt at the critical moment when interference had become unavoidable. This has been distinctly said by M. John Lemoine lately; and no French publicist reflects more accurately the opinion of the most intelligent class of Frenchmen. As for the other Powers, they would be only too glad if a question which has given them much trouble were disposed of, for all they really want is that the revival of industry and commerce in Egypt shall be rendered possible by the establishment of order. In England itself only a few extreme Radicals would object to the strong measures without which Egypt can never be made prosperous. The Government, then, have still a chance of undoing some of the mischief they have effected; and we must hope that they will now begin in earnest to accomplish a task, some of the most formidable difficulties of which are due entirely to their own negligence and vacillation.

FENIANISM.—At the present time so many subjects in rapid succession engross our attention, and moreover the public memory is so short, that we are apt to fancy that things have ceased to exist unless they are brought forcibly before our notice. An investigation now proceeding in Dublin is calculated to show that Fenianism is by no means extinct, indeed that it probably has wider ramifications and a more elaborate organisation than at any former period. It is worth noting also in this connexion that the various Irish disloyalists are all marching towards the same end—that is, the dismemberment of the United Kingdom—although some may be more scrupulous than others as to the means to be used for achieving this object. The Parliamentary Irreconcileable deliberately endeavours to make himself an intolerable nuisance, so that the House of Commons may be glad to get rid of him; the Fenian conspires to levy open war, and obtain the independence of Ireland by force of arms; the Dynamite fiend strives to weary, and worry, and terrify the British Government and the British people by the destruction of public buildings and the mutilation of railway passengers; but in ultimate aim they are all of the same mind. It is very doubtful now whether the granting of the largest amount of Home Rule which any responsible statesman would concede would put an end to the machinations of the Irreconcileables. It is quite true that the sinews of war are chiefly furnished from America, and that the head-quarters

of the conspiracy are in Paris, but this is because of the Crimes Act in Ireland. That a large part of the Irish at home sympathise with these anti-Imperial views is shown by the sort of members they send to Parliament, and the number of such members will assuredly be increased under an extended franchise. The House of Commons will never be able to do its work properly until it either assimilates or casts out this hostile and essentially alien element.

PERSON AND PROPERTY.—Lord Coleridge was right in calling attention the other day to the often shocking disproportion between punishments for offences against property and those for offences against the person. A servant-girl, for stealing thirty shillings, is sent to prison for three months; a man who knocks out another's front teeth in a brutal assault gets off with a fine of twenty shillings. Then there is the disproportion between the sentences passed by different judges for the same class of crime or misdemeanour. London criminals call the Surrey Sessions the slaughterhouse: if they are arraigned before the terrible Mr. Hardman they are sure of a much heavier sentence than if they are committed to the Central Criminal Court; and again, at the Old Bailey, there are prisoners who have every interest in being tried by the Recorder rather than by the Common Serjeant. A man who comes up before Sir W. Charley for robbery with violence may be sure that he will get a flogging; but Sir Thomas Chambers seems not to approve of the cat-o'-nine tails. It is not, perhaps, advisable to limit the discretion of judges, but the entire reform of our criminal code is a matter that will press for consideration whenever constituencies and Parliaments shall have come to take really practical views as to the functions of the State in punishing. To shut up for years a man who might be much more effectively and cheaply corrected by a flogging is both absurd and cruel. On brutal natures flogging acts as an assured deterrent, and it ought to be applied in all cases of ruffianly crimes which wound or maim. Capital punishment, on the other hand, might be advantageously extended to cases in which a man by repeated brutal crimes has shown that he is not fit to live at large. As Stuart Mill said: "It is a foolish squeamishness to hesitate about taking a man's life when you do not scruple to take from him all that makes life worth having." We put a man to a worse use than hanging when we sentence him to penal servitude for life—that is, to a long existence of degradation and suffering. Generations wiser than ours will admit this as a truism, and our model convict establishments will then be thought of as relics of an unenlightened, falsely-humanitarian age.

LORD SALISBURY'S POSITION.—We are now very near the time when the House of Lords will have to decide whether it will accept, or conditionally reject, the Franchise Bill, and there can be no doubt that the country is looking forward with much anxiety to the result. For if the Bill be rejected, it is almost certain that a new issue will be raised: the issue, namely, whether the Upper House can be allowed to retain its present power. And an enthusiastic party will agitate for the immediate abolition of the Second Chamber. Whether a majority would vote either for mending or for ending "the Lords" it is impossible to say; but at any rate the discussion of the question would excite much bitter animosity. If Lord Salisbury were fighting for a really great principle, he would deserve warm admiration for the courage with which he has hitherto maintained his ground; and no one would blame him for the consequences of his action, even if these consequences included the ruin of his order. But he has nothing to say for himself except that if the House of Lords passes the Franchise Bill the Government may proceed to gerrymander the constituencies. There is not the slightest evidence that the Government intend to do anything of the kind. Indeed, it is absolutely certain that if they tried to gain an unfair advantage by their plan of Redistribution they would utterly fail, for any plan of this sort would be at once detected, and it would be condemned both in the House of Commons and in the country. It is possible that at the last moment even Lord Salisbury may see the necessity of submitting to the inevitable; but, if he resolves to hold out, every Englishman who detests violent agitation will sincerely hope that he may be deserted by the majority of the Conservative Peers. Those members of the Upper House who usually vote on the Tory side may now, if they please, do a great service to themselves and to England; and it seems hardly credible that they will let the opportunity escape.

THE SHIPPING COMMISSION.—The shipowners of this country form, not merely an influential, but, where their own interests are threatened, a strongly unanimous body. During last Session Mr. Chamberlain, in introducing his Merchant Shipping Bill, incurred great odium on account of the charges which he is alleged to have made against the shipping interests generally, and now the Government, frightened by the enlistment of such a potent and popular Radical as Mr. Cowen on the shipowners' side, have conceded certain additions to the personnel of the Commission, with the result that Mr. Cowen has withdrawn his threatened amendment. Even with this concession some of the shipowners are not satisfied, and they want Mr. Chamberlain—whose name seems to act on them like the proverbial red rag on a bull—to withdraw bodily from the Commission. But

surely there must be a limit to this sort of giving way, or the Commission will become a mere farce. The opinion of a committee of Bakers on the fair price to be charged for a four-pound loaf, or of a committee of Bishops on the advisability of disendowing the Church might be well worthy of attention, but could scarcely be regarded as unbiased. To the average shipowner—provided, of course, that freights were higher and passengers more numerous than they are in these depressed days—the shipowning world is the best of all possible worlds. But there is another side to the question. There is a wide-spread belief that there are many lives lost at sea whose loss is preventable. The nature of their avocation renders sailors especially helpless. If a landsman goes to work in a factory which he knows to be unsafe, he can quit, or complain to impartial persons, but a sailor is bound to his floating factory so long as the passage lasts. The shipowner who would deliberately drown men for the sake of the insurance-money is, no doubt, a wretch of rare occurrence, but at the same time it cannot be denied that our present system of insurance does tend to make owners regard a total loss with equanimity, if not with complacency. If the members of the Commission can suggest a remedy for this undoubted evil, without crippling the shipowners in the severe race of competition with vexatious legislative enactments, they will earn the thanks of an impartial public which wishes well both to shipowners and seamen.

FRAUDS ON RAILWAYS.—The Railway Companies must lose considerably by passengers like the man who was convicted this week of constant travelling as a season ticket-holder, on the faith of having once had a season-ticket which was not renewed. This offence is somewhat rarer than it used to be, but the fraud of travelling by first-class with a third-class ticket seems still to be very common among those who know the practice of the different lines about the collection of tickets. Taking the Great Northern Line for instance: a passenger riding from Hornsey to Moorgate Street knows that tickets have to be shown at Holloway; but he may go a hundred times up the line without having to show his ticket at King's Cross, Farringdon Street, or Aldersgate Street. Men who are aware of this may therefore generally travel from King's Cross to Moorgate in first-class at third-class fares with impunity, and on the down journey they may go all the way from Moorgate to Hornsey without showing their tickets once. Obviously it would be impossible for the Companies to make passengers exhibit their tickets at every station; but we submit that frauds might be almost entirely stopped if at every station the occupants of at least one carriage were asked for their tickets. Even when a train stops only for a minute there is time for a porter to examine the tickets of one carriage or compartment; and if it were left to the discretion of the guard of the train to order which carriage or compartment should be examined, there would be no risk of worrying passengers by calling upon persons to show their tickets two or three times. This plan is so simple, inexpensive, and free from objections that we hope some of the Companies will try it. The uncertainty as to when and where tickets were inspected would render frauds too hazardous, and if the Companies further made it a rule to prosecute any man who was detected a second time in travelling first-class without having paid his proper fare, the sort of people who habitually commit frauds would grow afraid. The Companies would then gain in two ways, for not only would many unscrupulous persons who now travel unlawfully in first-class pay the right fare sooner than ride in third, but many passengers, who now ride in third or second, because the first-class is not protected against intruders, would give the first-class a trial again.

SOCIAL DEMOCRATS.—The extraordinary success of the Social Democrats in the German elections is still, and will probably continue for some time to be, the principal subject of discussion in Germany. Most people were of opinion that the Anti-Socialist Law had failed; but no one supposed that the Revolutionary Party had made such rapid progress. The Socialist leaders themselves were probably rather surprised when they heard of the vast numbers of electors who in all the great constituencies had voted in their favour. It has been suggested by some English journals that Prince Bismarck is, perhaps, not altogether displeased by the growing importance of the Socialists. This is undoubtedly a very grave mistake. It is true that the Chancellor wishes to confer many favours on the working classes, and that in some departments of industry he would not hesitate to substitute the action of the State for private enterprise. But it is impossible that he should be friendly to a party which wishes to make all capital the property of the Government, and whose idea of a properly constituted Government has not the remotest resemblance to his own Monarchical principles. If he has a secret liking for the Socialists, how does it happen that he causes the police to break up their meetings, to drive their leaders from their homes, to tear down their placards, to confiscate their books, pamphlets, and newspapers? Prince Bismarck, resolute as he has always shown himself to be, is really very much afraid of the Socialists; and he has good reasons for thinking that they may hereafter be by far the most dangerous enemies of the Empire which he has created. In the new Parliament he will, of course, do what he can to complete the scheme of "positive" legislation by which he has hitherto hoped to pacify the discontented classes.

And it is not improbable that his measure will be passed, for he will try hard to induce the Conservatives, the Roman Catholic party, and the National Liberals to support him. But the Socialists will certainly not accept his concessions as a settlement of the questions which they themselves propose to deal with in a very different spirit.

THE CHOLERA.—It would be rash to presume that the cholera—although originating in a hot climate—invariably loses its virulence in cool weather; on the contrary it has on former occasions committed frightful ravages in Russia, at a time when the country was fast bound with frost. Still, this much may be admitted, that when the malady has, as at Naples, attacked a number of persons who for various reasons were especially liable to absorb its poison, a fall of temperature does, in such a place, bring with it a decline in the mortality, and, in fact, an almost entire cessation of the disease. But this theory will not apply when a lodgment is effected in a fresh locality. Yport and Nantes are much further from the tropics than Naples, and consequently much colder in the month of November, yet there the dreaded visitant shows no small amount of vigour. Turning to another branch of the subject, in India it has often been observed that the cholera follows the course of rivers, but does not go far from their banks. This phenomenon might possibly be explained on the ground that the cholera-germs floated down the stream, and successively infected various towns and villages which they reached on their journey. But this supposition would scarcely account for a peculiarity of the present visitation, namely, that nearly all—if not all—the places attacked have been seaport towns. It is incredible that cholera-germs should swim from Marseilles to Naples, but indeed the case of Yport proves that the infection—in whatever it may consist—is chiefly conveyed by human agency. Still, this does not explain why the outbreak should be practically confined to places on the coast, for it is to be hoped that the cases which have occurred at Paris and Aubervilliers may be either sporadic, or of the ordinary summer type.

MONUMENTS TO M. THIERS.—The tomb of M. Thiers which is being erected in the Cemetery of Père-la-Chaise will be the most splendid and costly monument that has ever been reared to a Frenchman, with the one exception of Napoleon's tomb at the Invalides. Forty thousand pounds are to be expended on it, and, when the cupola and sculptured frontal by Chapu are finished, it will completely dwarf the neighbouring chapel of the cemetery. But Mdlle. Dosne, the late Madame Thiers's sister, is not content to honour her brother-in-law's memory by a funeral monument; for she is building at Auteuil a grand establishment, which, for want of a better name, we may call at present a French All Souls' College. It is to be a place of pleasant, scholarly retreat for literary men—not old ones past work, but young ones full of promise. When at the Revolution all the endowments of French Universities and Colleges were confiscated, the fellowships like those in our English Universities were suppressed, and since that time the only adult exhibitors in France (for there are still bourses or exhibitions for schoolboys) have been the winners of the State *Prix de Rome*. Every year a painter, a sculptor, an architect, and a musician, victorious in open competitions, are sent at the national expense for three years to complete their studies at Rome. Mdlle. Dosne proposes to take young literary men under her patronage after the same fashion; but we are not told yet how the Fellows of the future Collège Thiers will be elected. Mdlle. Dosne's idea is to provide a comfortable and refined home for young writers of talent, who, wishing to undertake great works, are unable to do so for want of means and leisure. The scheme is a very generous one; but its success will altogether depend on the discernment of the Governing Body of the College in selecting Fellows. Mdlle. Dosne will, in the first place, have to frame her statutes so that the Governing Body may be always composed of intelligent men; and, in the next place, she will have to leave these gentlemen a great deal of discretionary power. Even under these conditions the amiable lady's foundation may possibly not do the kind of good she expects. A man with a real talent for writing soon makes his mark, and finds opportunity for doing whatever work he prefers; but to take away from a writer the necessity of working to earn his bread is often to rob him of the stimulus which promotes diligence. No good literary work can be done indolently.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled, "A JOURNEY THROUGH CENTRAL ASIA—PART II., KULDJA," by the Rev. Henry Lansdell, D.D.



ROYAL ALBERT HALL, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19.—Mr. GEORGE WATTS'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT, to commence at Three. Under the most distinguished patronage, Madame Christine Nilsson, Madame Minnie Hauk, Madame Trebelli, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Joseph Maas, Signor Foli, and Signor Parisotti; violin, Monsieur Paganini; violoncello, Monsieur Hollman; piano, Mr. W. Coenens; harp, Dr. Engel; harp, Mr. John Cheshire. Conductors, Mr. Sidney Naylor and Mr. Henry Parker. Prices, 1s., 2s., 6d., 4s., 5s., 7s., 6d., and 10s., 6d. Programmes, and tickets at the Royal Albert Hall; of Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co., No. 231, Regent Street, and 63, New Bond Street; of the usual Agents; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. Convenient trains from all stations.

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Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.; J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.; G. D. LESLIE, R.A.; W. E. GREENE, R.A.; G. A. STOREY, R.A.; Mrs. BUTLER; PAUL REVERE; C. GREEN; J. CHARLTON; W. SMALL; J. C. DOLLMAN; C. J. STANLAND; P. A. COT; H. LEVY; J. GOUPIL; E. HALLATT; L. FROLICH; OTTO WEBER; C. R. HUBER; MAC WHIRTER, R.A.; BASIL BRADLEY; A. MARIE; J. HOPKINS; CATON WOODVILLE; W. WEERES; E. DOUGLAS; G. L. SEYMOUR; BOUVERIE GODDARD; YEEND KING; GASTON GELIBERT; C. E. FRIPP; J. M. CLAUDE.

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BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Solo Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE—EVERY EVENING, at 7, THE FAITHFUL HEART, OR THE LOVE THAT NEVER DIES. Misses E. Grey, Lewis, Morgan, N. Grey, Dalma; Messrs. J. B. Howe, Syms, Steadman, Newbound, Bigwood, Lewis, Hind, Reynolds, Drayton, Stephenson. INCIDENTALS. Mons. and Madamé Alexandre, Brothers Harrison, Sam Redfern. Concluding (Tuesday and Saturday excepted) with OLIVER TWIST. Saturday to conclude with AURORA FLOYD.

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THE ELEVENTH GRAND ANNUAL FANCY DRESS, POLO, and UNITED COUNTIES HUNT BALL (under the auspices of the International Gun and Polo Club, and in conjunction with distinguished patrons), will be held in the ROYAL PAVILION, Brighton, on THURSDAY, Nov. 21. The whole suite of rooms will be elegantly and beautifully decorated. Tickets only issued on the production of a voucher, signed by a lady patroness, steward, or member of the club, of whom a list and full particulars will be sent on application to the Secretary, 173, Piccadilly.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.—Art Loan Exhibition at Royal Pavilion open every Weekday.

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at Current Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY.—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria, 10.30 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 1s., 6d., including Pullman Car, available to return by the 3.45 p.m. Pullman Express Train, or by any later train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria, 10.45 and 12.30 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s.

A Pullman Drawing Room Car is run in the 12.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.30 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 1s., available by these Trains only.

BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.45 and 11.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m. Pullman Drawing Room Car is run in the 12.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.30 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 1s., available by these Trains only.

PARIS.—Shortest, Cheapest, Route. VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Cheap Express Service Weekdays and Sundays. From Victoria 7.30 a.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 3s., 2s., 1s., 8s.; Return, 5s., 4s., 3s. Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c. Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit All the principal places of interest.

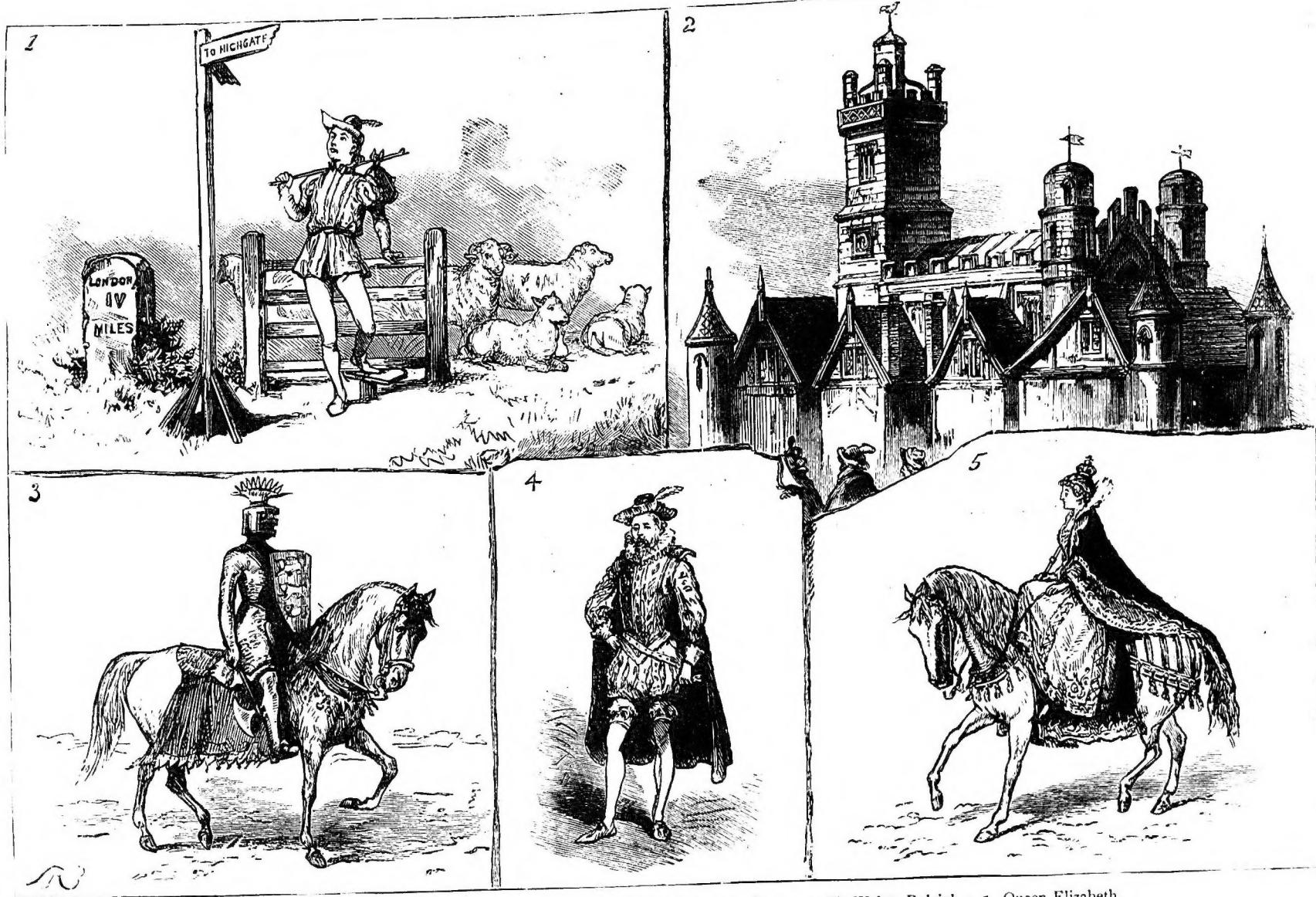
TICKETS and every Information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Offices, Hay's Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; also at Victoria and London Bridge Stations. By Order, J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



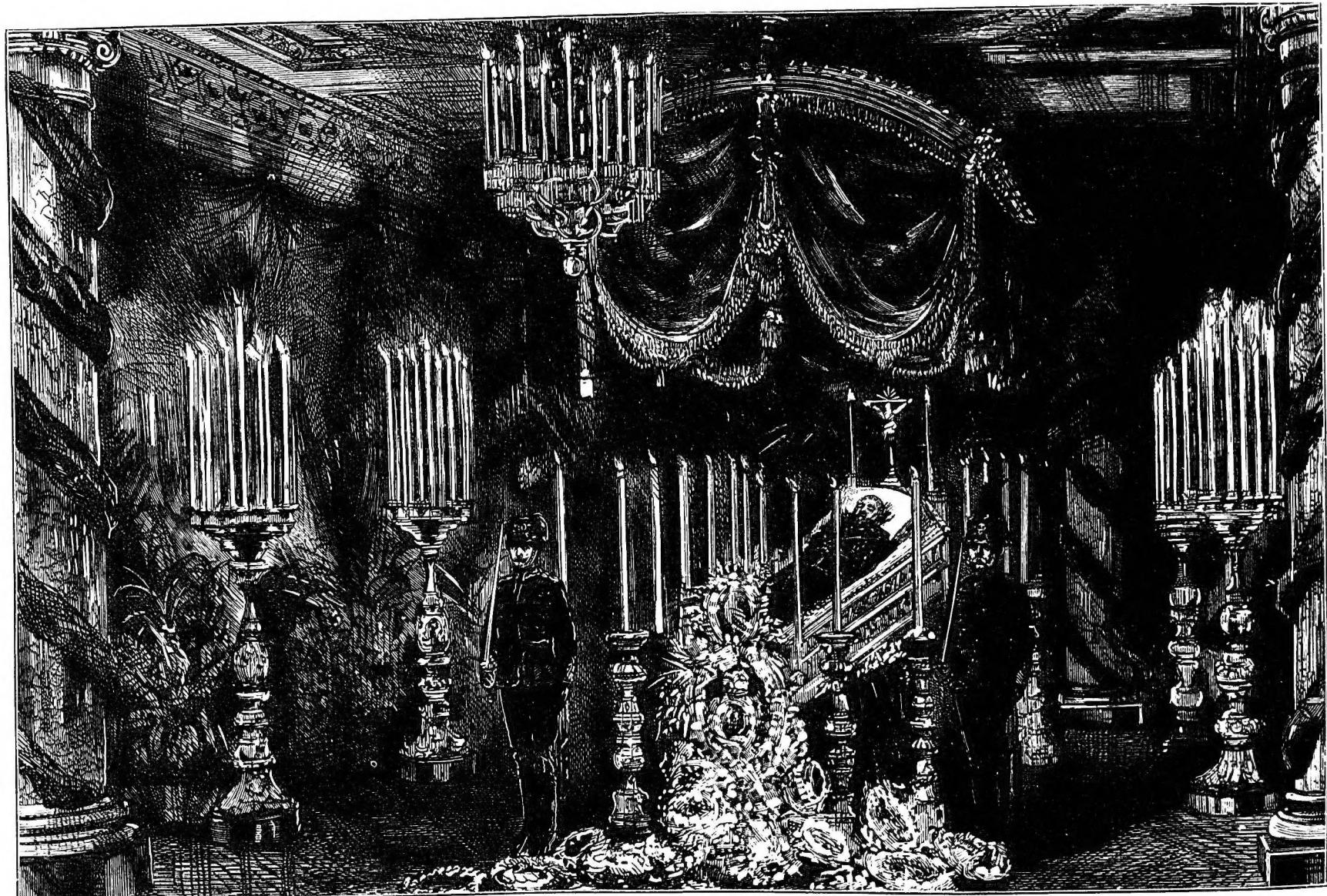
THE NILE EXPEDITION

Our special artist, Mr. F. Villiers, writes, with reference to our two first illustrations:—"But for Cook and Son it is doubtful if a Nile Expedition could have been contemplated. This shows itself daily as their well-organised fleet arrives with the various battalions and strings of infantry boats in formation of four astern. At Wady Halfa Cook's transport ceases, and Mr. Braschi, their energetic agent, hands them over to the Government. Picquet boats tug them along in files to the rapids of the Great Cataract, where Lord Charles Beresford takes them up as near as possible to the Gut or Bab, and there they are carried round the Cataract to smooth water once more." The bottom illustration is from a sketch at Siout by a military officer, and depicts some of our troopers mounted on mules, on their way to embark for Wady Halfa.

THE GRAPHIC



1. Dick Whittington.—2. Old Bow Church in 1400.—3. Richard Coeur de Lion.—4. Sir Walter Raleigh.—5. Queen Elizabeth.
SOME NOVELTIES OF THE COMING LORD MAYOR'S SHOW



THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK LYING IN STATE

**THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK
LYING IN STATE**

THE remains of the late Duke of Brunswick, who died at the Castle of Sibyllenort, Breslau, were transported to Brunswick on October 22, and lay in State at the Schloss for the two days preceding the funeral. The coffin was placed on the west side of the room, under a canopy of black cloth, with silver fringe. The Duke's crown was placed before a crucifix, and between two candelabra, on an altar behind the coffin, and his Orders lay on velvet cushions on either side. The coffin was surrounded by twelve candles, and floral devices relieved the prevailing gloom of the room. The walls and ceiling were hung with black, the lights of the chandeliers being softened by a veil of crape. Busts of the late Duke's parents and of his grandfather, together with the other statues in the room, were draped in crape and surrounded by flowers. On October 25th the funeral took place, and the Duke's body laid in the ancient cathedral which was built by the founder of his line, Henry the Lion, on his return from the Holy Land.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Klinschmidt and Wartzack of a painting by Herr Tunica.

**A BRITISH OFFICER OF THE
NILE EXPEDITION**

THIS sketch, by our special artist, represents the uniform and equipment of a British staff officer in the Nile Valley. The costume is the now well-known "Khaki," the mysterious Ku-Klux face covering is a mosquito veil, while the goggles are as essential on Africa's burning plains as on the Arctic snows to protect the eyesight. If not as attractive as the full-dress parade uniform of the Horse Guards, it is at all events admirably adapted for the exigencies of the present expedition.

**THE MUDIR OF DONGOLA AT
A REVIEW OF BRITISH TROOPS**

WHEN Colonel Stewart and his staff reached Dongola last month from Wady Halfa, he was warmly welcomed by the

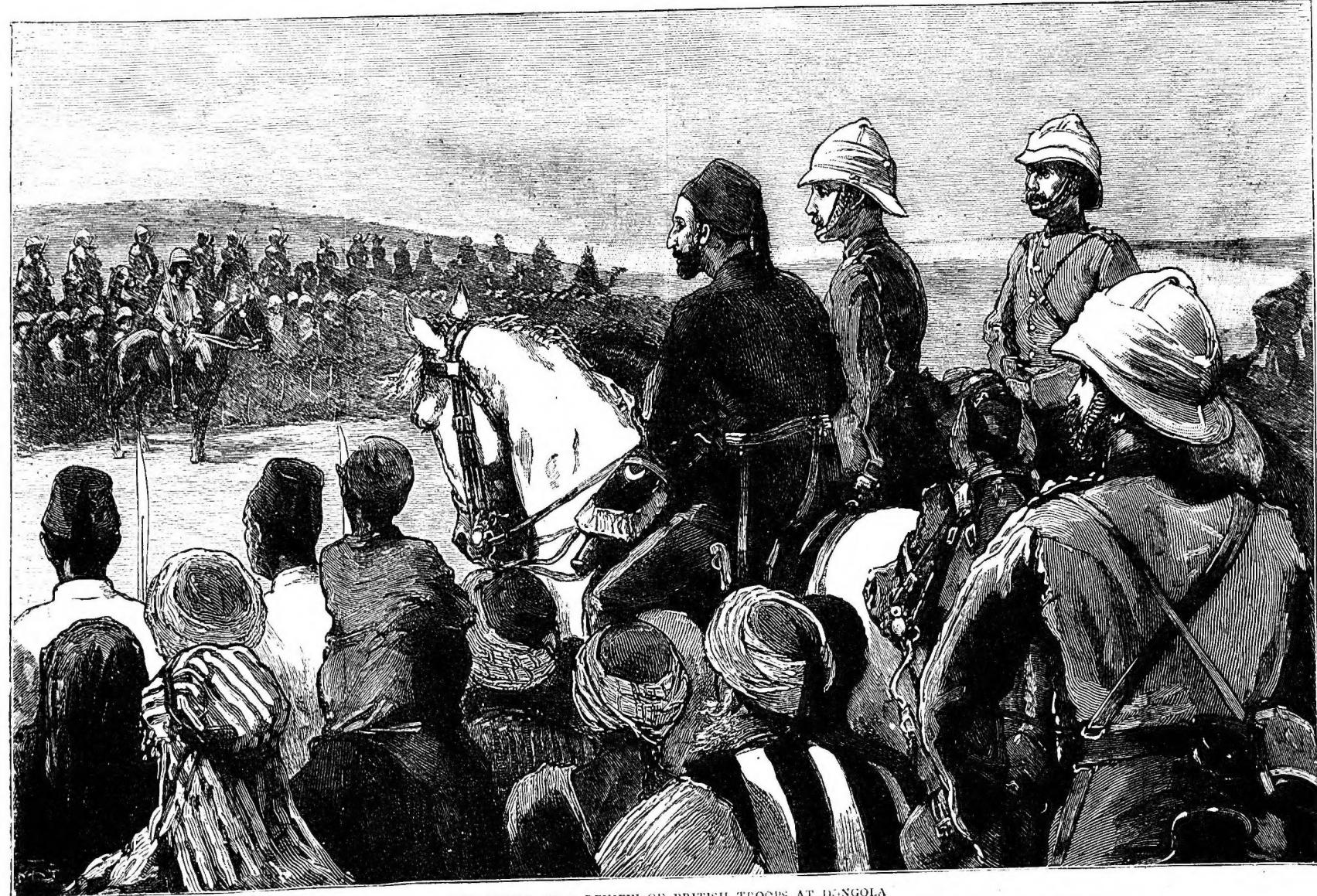


A STAFF OFFICER IN FULL SOUDAN UNIFORM
Drawn from Life by our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers

Mudir, who at the Feast of Bairam received the officers in grand divan, and repeated his assurances that he had given instructions to his people to assist the British in every possible way by bringing in forage and provisions. In the afternoon he attended a review of the British troops. Mr. E.A. Floyer, writing to the *Field*, describes the Mudir as intensely religious, having had prayers three times during dinner. "With his bent figure," he continues, "cadaverous bearded face, and hooked nose; dressed, too, as he always is, almost like a Persian Dervish, with a spear for a walking-stick, he looks the embodiment, or rather embodiment, of fanaticism. But he can laugh and joke, and then his brown eyes look clear and honest."—Our sketch is by Col. the Hon. J. Colborne, who writes that the Mudir attended the review under the delusion that he was commander-in-chief, with power to order the troops where he pleased. Indeed, the natives commonly suppose that the English are under his orders.

**TOWING A NUGGAR PAST
THE BAB-EL-KEBIR, OR GUT
OF THE GREAT CATARACT**

OUR special artist, Mr. F. Villiers, writes: "This cataract, unlike the others, which are a series of rapids, is a decided fall of water, and, now that the Nile is daily diminishing in volume, the cataract becomes more rapid and difficult. Lord Wolseley, with Generals Wood and Buller, rode out from Wady Halfa, a distance of fifteen miles, to the Bab, to watch the hauling-up of a Nile nuggar through or over this waterfall. About six hundred men were engaged on either side of the river, tugging at the hawsers. Interest and danger begins some distance from the fall, in pulling the boat through the rapids, or series of whirlpools, caused by the downward rush of the waters. Shouting and cheering is the order of the day as nuggars are dragged along. When they arrive at the foot of the fall a slight halt is made, and fresh exertions and extra men are resorted to; the nuggar's nose is lifted, and soon she is in the throes of the fall, trembling and quivering in every stave. A sheikh stands in the bows of the boat, directing, while five or six hold on to steady the rudder. A few seconds of un-



THE MUDIR AT A REVIEW OF BRITISH TROOPS AT DONGOLA

"The Mudir is under the delusion that he is Commander-in-Chief, with power to order the British troops where he pleases."—From the Description by the Military Officer who sends the Sketch.

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON

certainty, and the rock in the centre is cleared. A yell of satisfaction comes from the natives, and the difficulty is over. To steer clear of the rock is the great necessity, for if this is struck the boat capsizes, and in less time than it takes to tell it the niggard may be madly careering in the eddies miles below the Gut. Several boats passed with success, Lord Woseley seeming well satisfied with the proceedings, and galloped with the Staff back to Headquarters. To show the timidity of the natives, our boat's crew, who have just refused to go on with us to Dongola, in excuse of their conduct said that they saw the General and his Staff gallop to the rear; and if our General was afraid to go on, that they would not risk it. This explanation has caused some amusement."

THE COMING LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

In arranging the Show this year Lord Mayor Nottage has introduced some scenes which have a decidedly historical feeling, bearing as they do on the history of the City of London. Thus there is to be a car with the City's First Charter, granted by the Conqueror in 1067 to the citizens in their own language—"A mighty favour at that time," says Maitland, "when the French tongue began to prevail over all;" Dick Whittington resting and listening to Bow Bells at Highgate; Sir Richard Whittington, preceded by apprentices of the City of London, bearing banners with the inscription, "Sir Richard Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London;" the First Lord Mayor, Henricus Fitz Alwyne, 1189, a descendant of the founder of the Priory at Bermondsey. There is portrait of him in Drapers' Hall; a procession of Kings and Queens of England, from William the Conqueror, attended by Knights; Old Bow Church as it was in 1400; Wat Tyler's dead body in a car.

Our sketches represent the Dick Whittington tableau, Old Bow Church, Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Richard Cœur de Lion.

The Order of the Procession is as follows:—1. William the Conqueror, attended by knights; 2. The City's First Charter; 3. Richard I., attended by Knights; 4. Henricus Fitz Alwyne, First Lord Mayor of London, 1189; 5. Richard II., a boy of fifteen, 1318, and Wat Tyler; 6. Tableau; 7. Dick Whittington tableau; 8. Bow Church; 9. Sir Richard Whittington on horseback, attended by Apprentices with banners, thrice Lord Mayor of London—1398, 1406, 1419; 10. Edward VI., a boy of fifteen, with banners, with inscription, "Founder of Christ's Hospital, 1553," followed by twenty-four Blue Coat Boys; 11. Queen Elizabeth; 12. Egypt, represented by camels' procession; and 13. India, by an Eastern potentate.—Mr. Charles G. Nottage, son of the Lord Mayor, has issued a seasonable pamphlet giving some explanation of the historical novelties in Monday's procession.

OLD FOLKS AND FASHIONS NEAR LEWES

No wonder that in the troughs of the billows of the rolling South Downs there should have settled cosily, and not to be blown away by the winds of time, queer old customs (e.g., Guy Fawkes Day at Lewes), old churches, old people, old legends—all vanished from elsewhere.

How the Downs got billowy, rolling, &c., geologists only know, but they might have got so from being wedged to the sea so long, and growing like it, as one of a married pair does to the other. At all events, this theory is better than the *diabolic* one which ascribes the authorship of the Downs to his Satanic Majesty. Why—the devil—he did it we don't know, but they say in and about Lewes that the Devil in making the Downs dropped two armfuls or shovelfuls of soil as he flew across the flat of the Ouse Valley. One lot made the Greater and the other the Lesser Rise. Are they not there unto this day?

And are there not traces of the cloven hoof on the Rises unto this very day, too? Yea, verily, there are, but the footprints are the tracks of "Broad," or of "Berry," or of others of a team of red Sussex oxen that still plough the thin soil of the Downs, just as has been done for centuries gone by.

The slate-coloured smock which the ploughman wears when he goes to market is something else that has not been blown out of the Downs.

And another thing is the ancient game of stool-ball. The game is at least as old as Herrick, who writes of it:

At stool-ball, Lucia, let us play,
For sugar cakes or wine;
Or for a tansy let us pay
The loss of thine or mine.

Herrick took his degree at Cambridge the year that Shakespeare died, 1620. Probably there was no *cricket* in those days. That depends on the antiquity of the lines—

Her was the prettiest fellow
At football or at cricket,
At nimble race or chev'y-chase,
How fleetly her could prick it!

It is probable that stool-ball is the grandmother of cricket. The traveller who would wish to see stool-ball played as of yore must steer across the Downs from Lewes towards Newhaven. And when he has passed Rodmell, and peeped in to the pretty little church there, and seen the baptistry and the belfry tower, he must steer by compass to Telscombe.

Suddenly he will stand on the edge (*bench*) of the overhanging combe, from which he might by a stretch of imagination (and his arm) touch the top of Telscombe church spire. Let him climb down into the village by the spire, and induce the Rector to get up a game of stool-ball for his especial benefit. The kind-hearted Rector will do it, I know, and then in the rectory garden shall he see it played as in our illustration, and find that the game being old, the older the players are the better.

EXPLOSION AT THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, QUEBEC

We have already published an engraving of the Quebec Parliament House as it was before the attempt which was made to destroy the building on the 11th October last. We now publish engravings (from photographs by Captain Peters, Canadian Artillery, Citadel, Quebec) of the effects of the first explosion—it will be remembered that there were two—on the inside and the outside respectively. The new Parliament buildings in Quebec—we learn from the *New York Herald*—are in the shape of a hollow square, each wing being 300 feet long. Three sides of the square were completed some three years ago, and are occupied as departmental offices. The fourth side, which is to form the Legislative Chamber and its appurtenances, was all completed but the roof. It is four stories high, and built of cut stone, with iron girders throughout. When the explosion took place, a shower of stones and other *debris* rose into the air from the south end of the Parliament House, and huge blocks of stone—some of them containing two cubic feet—were hurled forward a distance of between 200 and 300 feet. A gap in the facade of the building thirty feet square was the principal result of the explosion. All the masonry above the gap was badly shattered, and a portion fell afterwards.

THE DISASTER AT THE STAR THEATRE, GLASGOW

A PANIC, terribly disastrous in its consequences, was caused on Saturday evening by a cry, utterly groundless, of fire, raised in the Star Theatre of Varieties, a Glasgow Music Hall, patronised chiefly by the working classes. The performances were proceeding, and the building was filled, without being crowded. In the frightful

stampede which followed from all parts of the building, especially from the gallery, fourteen persons, mostly young people of both sexes, were killed, and as many injured. The man who raised the cry of fire has been arrested, and may possibly be tried on a charge of culpable homicide. He is said to have been an *employee* of the theatre, and to have been dismissed from it a fortnight before.

The Star Music Hall forms part of a large block of buildings in Watson Street, off the Gallowgate. The principal entrance is in Watson Street, while access to the pit and gallery is obtained by a separate door, entering from Waterloo Lane. The landing at the door of the pit, and on which the terrible disaster took place, is the same width as the staircase. Opposite the pay-box a heavy iron gate is hung. While the audience are assembling this gate stands across the passage, leaving space for only one person to enter, but afterwards it is thrown backwards to the wall, thus leaving the passage free. It does not appear certain, however whether this gate was shut back or not when the accident occurred.

THE CREW OF THE "NISERO"

On the 16th November, 1883, the *Nisero*, of Sunderland, bound with a cargo of sugar from Sourabaya for England, was stranded on the coast of Sumatra, on territory ruled by the Chief of Pangah. The Malays of the coast plundered the vessel, and took the crew prisoners. They were handed over by the Chief to his immediate superior, the Rajah of Tenom, who is himself a dependant of the Sultan of Aceh. On the news of the wreck reaching the ears of the Dutch Governor of Aceh, he sent a Netherlands ship of war to the spot, whose captain paid to the Rajah a sum of 8,000*l.* on account of the ransom-money demanded. Thereupon the Rajah released the captain (Woodhouse) on parole, the second engineer, who was seriously ill, and a Chinese cook, in order that the latter might act as interpreter. All the rest were kept under guard. Unfortunately from that moment the negotiations failed to make satisfactory progress. The Rajah demanded a larger sum for the release of his captives than the Dutch authorities were willing to give; Captain Woodhouse did not answer to his parole; and when the Dutch troops, by way of enforcing their demands, stormed and burnt Tenom, with its pepper and cocoa-nut plantations, the Rajah, so far from yielding, was rendered more obdurate than before. He carried his prisoners two days' journey up the country, and still further reduced the meagre rations allowed for their subsistence. Great indignation was felt in this country, and throughout all the British settlements in the East, at the detention of these unfortunate men. Eighteen of them were British and six were foreigners, and of that number six died, mostly of cholera, during their captivity. Questions were asked in Parliament, and a voluminous diplomatic correspondence took place between Lord Granville and the Dutch Government, but for a long time in vain. The Rajah was by no means a monster of cruelty, he did not treat the men with utter barbarity, although they were very insufficiently fed, but he used them as instruments for endeavouring to gain his rights from the Dutch, with whom he and his superior, the Sultan of Aceh, had long been at variance. Indeed, but for the fact that the Dutch claimed sovereignty over the territory where the shipwreck took place, and that therefore our officers were compelled to approach the Rajah through the Dutch, it is possible that the crew would have been released without any delay, for the Rajah declares that he vastly prefers us to his Batavian oppressors.

At length in September last, after a detention of nearly ten months, the release of the surviving members of the crew was effected by the Anglo-Dutch Mission which proceeded to Tenom, the British representatives in which were the Hon. W. E. Maxwell, and Commander Bicksford of H.M.S. *Pegasus*. The released prisoners were brought to Penang on board the *Pegasus*. They were received with great rejoicings, and through their mate, Mr. Wright, gave the Governor an interesting account of the adventures which they underwent during their captivity. They were very closely guarded, and though two men (Kelly and Hulgerson) managed to escape, they were forced, being without food, to return to the scene of their captivity. They were not punished, but told that, if they again made a similar attempt, they would be fired upon.

Our engraving is from a photograph taken by J. M. Nauta, Penang, and forwarded to us by the Dutch Mail Agent at the port. One of the survivors, Guatino Tassero, an Italian seaman, is not included in the group, as he was ill at the time the photograph was taken.

CENTRAL ASIA, PART II.

See page 489 *et seqq.*

"FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 493.

VIEWS ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ROUTE

The mighty backbone of elevated land—styled the Rocky Mountains—which traverses North America throughout its entire length, runs much nearer to the west than to the east coast. In British America, the "Rockies" separate British Columbia from the North-Western Territory of Canada; and these views (which are from photographs by Mr. James R. Waghorn, of Winnipeg), delineate the region of the Valley of the Bow River, a tributary of the Saskatchewan, and situate close to the mountains.

The first engraving shows Calgary, formerly merely one of the trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company; but now, in consequence of the advent of the locomotive, becoming a place of some importance.

A peak of the "Rockies," and a pioneer squatter's log-hut up the valley of the Bow River, "far from the madding crowd."

Up the pass of the Bow River. The railway runs round the foot of the mountain on the right.

Another view on the Bow River, looking west towards Padmore, at the foot of the "Rockies."

A glimpse in the Bow River Valley.

A Blackfoot Indian chief regarding the invasion of his "happy hunting ground" by the railway advance guard.

A WINDOW-GARDENING FLOWER SHOW

THE Society for Promoting Window Gardening Among the Poor of Westminster began its work in the year 1865. The idea of such a Society originated with the late Canon Conway, and the Shows are continual reminders of his labour for the benefit of his neighbours. With the exception of the year 1870 the Shows have been as usual. In 1876 Lady Augusta Stanley died, and as the success of the Society was greatly owing to her exertions, it was thought a proper mark of respect not to hold a Show that year.

Towards the end of May, about seven weeks before the day appointed for the Show, poor people residing in the united parishes of St. Margaret and St. John bring their plants to the District Secretaries for registration. This is necessary in order to prevent persons from buying plants just before the Show. The registration is effected by placing a piece of red tape round the plant so that it cannot be removed without being cut, and then sealing it with the Society's seal. Each exhibitor receives a card for each pot, on which is to be written his name and address. No objection is made to the same plant being brought year after year, since the Society

aims at promoting continuous cultivation, and is not really satisfied by the mere possession of plants for a few weeks in the summer, though that is all which, at present, it is possible to secure. The registered plant has to be taken to the Show tent before 8 A.M. on the day of exhibition, and marked with a number, a duplicate being given to the exhibitor in order that he may claim his proper pot. The time between 8 A.M. and 2 P.M. is devoted to arranging the tents and judging the plants. At 2 P.M. the public are admitted at 1*s.* each, and at 4.30 P.M. they are admitted at 3*s.* each. All exhibitors are allowed to enter free at the latter time. The number of plants varies from 1,000 to 1,400, and the prizes from 2*s.* to 10*s.*

The Annual Show has quite taken its place as a feature of the London season. Large crowds are drawn together by it, including sometimes even members of the Royal Family. The amount taken by the sale of tickets has once reached 100*l.*, and has enabled the Society to pay its way without ever appealing to the public for donations. Not the least interesting portion of the day's proceedings is the distribution of prizes by the venerable Earl of Shalbeshire. Some parents now hold up their children to receive a prize from his hand who remember being themselves held up to receive their prizes from him when they were children, and tell of the kindly words which he spoke, and treasure one of the coins which he gave.

For some years past a large quantity of cut roses and other flowers has been given by the Duchess of Northumberland, the Countess Brownlow, and others, to decorate the tent. When the Show is over these flowers are sent to gladden the hearts of the patients in Westminster Hospital.



ON TUESDAY there was a gathering, presided over by Lord Derby, of Ministers and Ministerialists at the laying by the Home Minister of the foundation stone of the future house of the National Liberal Club, which is planned as a rendezvous for Liberal friends of all parts of the country. Mr. Gladstone, who spoke more than half an hour, was silent on the subject of the rumoured negotiations for a coalition, and made no promise on the Franchise Bill, and copious both on the history and achievements of modern British Liberalism and on the necessity for such a reform of House of Commons procedure as would substitute work for talk.

AMONG THE OTHER SPEAKERS were Lord Derby, Lord Granville, Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir William Harcourt, and Sir Charles Dilke. Mr. Chamberlain said that the resistance of the Peers filled him with hope and confidence, as leading, if continued, to what he not obscurely hinted would be the abolition of a Second Chamber. Sir William Harcourt, admiring this result, and reproaching the Conservative leaders in the Upper House, professed himself desirous to avert it by the removal of the cause. He thought that moderate men of all opinions and all parties ought to combine to prevent the catastrophe threatened.

MR. GLADSTONE has illustrated his view of the necessity for a reform in the procedure of the House of Commons by referring to the time just wasted in the debate on the Address. This reliance afforded a suggestive theme to Lord Randolph Churchill, who made on Wednesday one of his lively and discursive speeches to a meeting of Conservatives at Huntingdon. If the Premier, he said, had adjourned Parliament instead of proroguing it there would have been no speech from the Throne, and therefore no Address. Moreover, the Franchise Bill would have been now alive, and the House of Peers ready to proceed with it.

SPEAKING AT A PUBLIC MEETING IN WESTMINSTER in support of the Franchise Bill, on Tuesday, Sir Charles Dilke said that, in his opinion, quite enough had been done to conciliate the Conservatives on the question of Redistribution, and that the time for compromise had nearly passed. In the course of his speech he remarked that there was but one great Conservative force existing at the present time in this country—it was the personality of Mr. Gladstone.

The London Gazette was precipitate in announcing on Tuesday the names of the members of the Royal Commission on Mercantile Shipping. It is imperfect, since the shipowners have forced the Government to add to the Commission several additional representatives of their body. The various shipowners' associations who protested against the composition of the Commission as originally fixed also asked that Mr. Chamberlain should be excluded from it. But this is no longer insisted on. His exclusion, indeed, could not well be urged after his name had appeared in the list announced by the *London Gazette* as having received Her Majesty's approval.

AMONG THE REASONS sometimes assigned for delaying the production of a Redistribution Bill is an alleged fear of its effect on Liberal Members of the House of Commons representing constituencies which are to be in whole or in part disfranchised by the measure. This prospect might lessen, it has been said, their zeal for parliamentary reform. Yet Scarborough, which, according to the surreptitiously published scheme of Redistribution, is to be deprived of one of its two seats, has just returned a Ministerial candidate, Colonel Steble, by a majority of 289 over his Conservative rival, Sir George Sitwell. The majority, moreover, is larger than that in 1880 of Mr. Dodson, whose elevation to the Peerage caused the recent vacancy in the representation of Scarborough. Curiously enough, the Conservative candidate polled this week exactly the same number of votes, 1,606, which were given to Mr. Dodson's Conservative opponent in 1880.

THE RESULT OF THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS to fill vacancies caused by the annual retirement of a quota of members has been, on the whole, favourable to the Liberals, though in some of the largest towns, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds among them, the *status quo* was maintained. In Scarborough, where the Conservatives were defeated in the Parliamentary election of Monday, they wrested three municipal seats from the Liberals on Saturday.

TO A DEPUTATION ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN IMBREGGLIO introduced by Sir Donald Currie, M.P., Lord Derby made a reply which, satisfactory doubtless to them in some respects, was, he admitted, likely to be thought unsatisfactory on one point. He declared, with what for him was emphasis, that there did not exist the slightest intention of giving up any possession which England has actually acquired and holds. Further, the Government will insist on the execution of the Transvaal Convention, and will take measures for "the restoration of order" in Bechuanaland, and for the protection of Natal. But he was strongly opposed to any interference in Zululand, where a "firm" policy, one not allowing the "establishment of any foreign influence," was indicated in Sir Donald Currie's speech, when introducing the deputation, as specially incumbent on the Government.

SIR CHARLES WARREN was entertained on Wednesday by the London Chamber of Commerce at a farewell dinner previously to his departure on his special mission to Bechuanaland. Replying to the toast of his health, Sir Charles said, in effect, that if, when he reached the Cape, no satisfactory settlement had been arrived at, he was authorised to turn out the filibusters from Bechuanaland, to arrange that the Transvaal Convention should be strictly adhered

to, and to replace the native tribes in the lands to which they were justly entitled. On Wednesday evening, too, troops to join the force to be placed at Sir Charles Warren's disposal were embarked at Woolwich for Gibraltar, whence they will proceed to the Cape.

THE RE-IMPOSITION, under certain circumstances, of a duty on corn was frankly recommended by Mr. Chaplin, M.P., when presiding at the opening meeting on Tuesday of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture. Referring to the recent demand for an inquiry into the depression of trade, he said that if such an inquiry were held, and it was shown that the depression of trade was the consequence of a depression in agriculture—this last being due to the extremely low prices caused by foreign competition—then, in reply to the inquiry whether he advocated a tax on corn, he would answer unhesitatingly, "Yes."

THE SESSION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS which opened this week was its fiftieth, when the President, Mr. E. Christian, delivered an inaugural address, reviewing the history of architecture during the preceding half-century, and referring to the remarkable revival of ecclesiastical architecture, and to the rise of John Ruskin during its course. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, who was among the visitors and speakers, adverted to what the Government was and contemplated doing in the way of restoration at Westminster Abbey and the Tower.

AT THE OPENING MEETING this week of the winter session of the Royal Geographical Society, Lord Aberdare presiding, a most interesting paper, "Through the Masai Country to Victoria Nyanza," was read by Mr. Joseph Thomson, descriptive of his explorations in Eastern Equatorial Africa during a march of 3,000 miles, 1,200 of them being in regions never before visited by a European traveller. Although he met with many obstructions from the natives, he completed his long and trying journeys without the loss by violence of a single member of his large caravan, and without depriving a single native of life.

A SCENE PAINFULLY PICTURESQUE was presented at Battersea on Monday, through a conflagration in Price's Patent Candle Manufactory, caused by the boiling over of some paraffin in the refinery. The building, the walls of which remained standing, looked like an enormous furnace, the water poured on the flames expediting the diffusion of the paraffin. Fortunately large quantities of sand were stored on the spot, to be used in such a contingency, and it was applied so as to prevent the spread of the fire to the rest of the buildings. Besides the private hydrants there were soon in operation the fire-engines of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and the *Ajax*, leaving her moorings at Lambeth Bridge, and anchoring near the river bank, set her powerful engines to work.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Georgina, Viscountess Sherbrooke, who married in 1836 Viscount Sherbrooke, then Mr. Robert Lowe; of Mr. Christopher Beckett Denison, son of the late and brother of the present Sir Edward Beckett, who from 1868 to 1880 represented in the Conservative interest the Eastern Division of the West Riding, in his sixtieth year; of Mr. John Hartley, formerly senior partner in the old-established Staffordshire firm of Thorneycroft & Co., and in 1870 High Sheriff of that county, at the age of seventy-two; of Mr. Hugh Hamersley, formerly High Sheriff of Oxfordshire, and Chairman of Quarter Sessions for that county, at the age of seventy; of the Rev. F. J. Smith, Vicar of St. John's, Taunton, in which borough he had either himself built, or been mainly instrumental in building, three churches and five elementary schools, thus obviating what would otherwise have been the necessity for the establishment of a School Board; of the Rev. Edward Truman, the oldest clergyman in the Diocese of York, who had held the Vicarage of North Grimston for fifty-seven years, at the age of eighty-one; of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Anderson, an eminent Scotch educationist, founder and head of "The Gymnasium," Aberdeen, in his seventy-seventh year; of General C. L. Nugent, who distinguished himself with his former regiment, the Fifty-Eighth, in the New Zealand War of 1845-6, at the age of sixty-eight; and of Mrs. Kennedy, widow of Lieutenant-General James Kennedy, at the advanced age of ninety-six years and seven months. Mrs. Kennedy and her husband were at Benares when the Mutiny reached it, and owed their lives to the fidelity of their native servants. Two of their daughters, four of their grandchildren, and a son-in-law were among the victims of the terrible massacre at Cawnpore. Mrs. Kennedy died at Benares, where she had resided during her widowhood.



SHORTLY after midnight on Tuesday, by one of those sudden movements which not infrequently disconcert calculations as to the course of Parliamentary events, the debate on the Address collapsed, and without more ado the Report was permitted to be brought in. But this was the full measure of concession. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett immediately stopped further proceedings, and the debate on the Report stage was adjourned till Wednesday.

This advance, gratefully as it has been received, has been made through circumstances that have brought obstruction prominently to the fore. For nearly a fortnight the House and the business of the country has been handed over to the Obstructionists, whether of Irish or English nationality. On Thursday in last week Lord Randolph Churchill provided some amusement for idle people by his attack upon Mr. Chamberlain, whom he charged with inciting to riot in Birmingham. This proved a disastrous move, Mr. Chamberlain entirely turning the tables upon his assailant, and, whilst admitting the riot, showing by documentary evidence that it was Lord Randolph's friends who were directly responsible for it. This occupied the whole of Thursday night, by no means to the credit or dignity of Parliament. On Friday matters were scarcely improved. On this occasion it was Mr. MacIver, a very different person from Lord Randolph, who took up the running. Mr. MacIver brought forward a motion, innocent enough in itself, except as exciting in the minds of depressed classes of the working men hopes impossible of realisation. He called attention to the depressed condition of commerce and agriculture, and asked for a Royal Commission to be appointed to inquire into the causes. But Mr. MacIver is an ingenuous young man, who did not in his speech attempt to hide that the real demand of his resolution was a return to Protection. He rambled through an hour of desultory talk, which, commencing with an audience of about thirty, dwindled down to five. Mr. Ecroyd, who seconded the motion, delivered an able speech, with a quaint, old-fashioned flavour about it, for it is many years since the House of Commons heard a demand for protection boldly and unmistakeably put forward with due panoply of reason and argument.

Mr. Gladstone was happily away, resting from the accumulated labours of the week, otherwise he would very probably have been drawn into discussion on so tempting a subject. Sir Stafford Northcote came in when the debate was far advanced, and with his hands up his coat sleeves sat listening to the speeches. But he also refrained from speaking on a subject not without embarrassment. As an old Peelite, and in this matter also a disciple of Mr. Disraeli's, he has always declared the impossibility of any return to Protection. But to say so on Friday night would have been to put himself in

opposition to some of his own supporters, and to Sir Stafford's gentle nature opposition to anybody is a pain. He compromised matters by voting for the amendment, which he might the more easily do, as he knew it was not likely to be carried. On the Ministerial side, Mr. Mundella made the familiar Free Trade speech in lively and effective manner, Mr. Childers, who is not in the best of health, feebly winding up the debate. The motion was rejected by 86 votes against 67, figures which have led to some angry conversation. Liberals affirm that they were assured upon Conservative authority that the amendment would not be pressed to a division, and therefore they went home.

The Irish Members, who had already appropriated an undue share of the time allotted to the Address, came forward again on Monday with a fresh amendment. This ostensibly raised the question of jury packing, but really was made the occasion of advocacy by the Parnellites of the case of Mr. James Ellis French. This person has within a year proved a two-edged sword in the hands of the Parnellites. Last Session, being charged with infamous crimes, he was held up to execration as a representative of Dublin Castle, and as a confidential myrmidon of the Government. Night after night his name was dragged up in as close association as possible with those of Earl Spencer, Mr. Trevelyan, and other members of the executive government in Ireland. The sensitive minds of the pure and spotless men who by favour of Mr. Parnell represent Ireland could not hear mention of the name of Mr. French without shuddering. Since then French, standing upon his trial, and with apparently no hope of acquittal by action of a jury, has written a letter in which, with the blind cunning of the professional criminal with whom he has had long acquaintance, he endeavours to frighten the Government by vague threats of disclosing imaginary secrets. Hereupon the whole aspect of affairs changed. French is at once placed by the Irish Members upon a lofty pedestal. He is the persecuted victim of the Government. Having been used as their tool, he is now cast away. It is even hinted that the terrible charges levelled against him have been invented by the Government with the view of getting rid of an inconvenient and dangerous accomplice! In a farce such a situation would be condemned as too incredible. At the Theatre Royal, Westminster, it was played throughout Monday night with persistency, if not with success.

Early on Tuesday morning it seemed as if the limits of the patience of the House had been reached, and that the Irish Members were about to be taught a much-needed lesson. At half-past twelve, after this sort of thing had been going on throughout the sitting, one of the Parnellites was put up to move the adjournment. This was too much even for the patience of the House of Commons. A cry of "No!" came from the benches where a few deathless Liberals sat, still alive, after being immersed since five o'clock in the vaporous talk of men like Mr. Sexton, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and Mr. Healy. The Treasury Bench was at this time empty; but Ministers were not far off. Mr. Gladstone led the way back, with Lord Hartington, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Charles Dilke, and half-a-dozen others in his train. Five minutes later the Treasury Bench, empty for hours, was aggressively full. The benches behind and below the gangway on the Ministerial side also filled up, and it was evident that a crisis was at hand.

In a few sharply-spoken words, hailed with ringing cheers, Mr. Gladstone protested against the motion, and called upon the House to help him in resisting it. These members were quite ready to do. The Parnellites, after their manner when faced with anything like authority, began to whine and complain that this was a trap—that is to say, having wasted a whole sitting in order to vent their venomous accusations against men answerable for order in Ireland, upon their proposing to take another sitting members massed themselves together to resist the motion. Quickly seizing the situation, the Parnellites saw that resistance would in the end be hopeless, a conviction strengthened by the action of the Speaker. It is not too much to say that for the first time since the New Rules were created the House saw thoroughly put into effect the one which requires members speaking on a motion for adjournment to confine themselves absolutely to the subject. Mr. O'Brien, wandering off into vituperation, was twice warned, and the third time ordered to resume his seat. Mr. Sexton and Mr. Biggar narrowly escaped a similar rebuke; Mr. Callan had it promptly administered to him.

What seemed clear was that, forbearing to the last, Irish Members would be permitted to delay the division on the adjournment as long as they had a man left to make a speech. But after that would come either the Cloture pure and simple, or most probably the application of the rule which permits the Speaker, when he believes debate on adjournment to have become obstructive, to put the main question without further delay. At half-past two in the morning the House divided on the adjournment, which was defeated by an overwhelming majority. Then, when the Irish Members and everybody else thought it was all over, and the next step would be the intervention of the Speaker, Mr. Gladstone "caved in," consenting to the adjournment against which he had fought for two hours. Eighty Liberals went home swearing that never again would they sit up late to take part in a sham battle of this kind.

Wednesday saw the Address happily agreed to, and on Thursday, exactly a fortnight after the House met, business commenced. On Wednesday Mr. O'Donnell was suspended for disregarding the authority of the Chair. The affair was conducted in an exceedingly business-like fashion, and was over in ten minutes.

NEW MUSIC

HENRY KLEIN.—A pathetic song for a mezzo-soprano is "Sadly I Wait," written and composed by Fenwick Hutton and E. Parsons.—Of the same serious and sentimental school are "Saved by a Child," words by "Nemo," music by M. Piccolomini; it is published in three keys.—"The Last Muster," written and composed by Juba Kennerley and Henry Pontet, who were inspired thereto by the celebrated picture bearing that title, the work of H. Herkomer, R.A., and "Can He Forget," suggested by G. H. Fackey's picture, words by Oonagh, music by Harold Gordon.—Of a more cheerful type is "I Didn't Know Your Meaning, Sir," a merry little ballad, written and composed by S. M. Thornton and W. Hodgson.—A love song for a desponding tenor is "Seeking," words by Rita, music by Carli Zoeller.—A great acquisition to a cultivated choir is "O Lord, Who Dwellest On High o'er the Cherubim," an anthem, by Carli Zoeller, after Psalm lxxx, for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, with *viole d'amour* obbligato and accompaniment of two violins, viola, violoncello, and basso. It is a work of no ordinary merit, and well worthy the attention of amateurs.—A fairly good valse is "La Vogue," by E. Parsons.—The same may be said of "The Colonial Polka," by Henry Klein.

MESSRS. F. AMOS AND CO.—"The Armourer's Gift" is a capital song, which will bring down the room at a popular concert; it is published in three keys, written and composed by Lindsay Lennox and Odoardo Barri; a genuine success may be predicted for it whenever and wherever it is sung.—Odoardo Barri, better known as a song-writer, has composed a dainty little piece after the antique, entitled "Ye Olde Danse."—In the same quaint style is "Beatrice," "pizzicato movement," composed for orchestra and arranged for the pianoforte by Celian Kottaun.—Not quite so original, but pleasing enough to take their turn with other ephemeral compositions, are "Irma: Danse Orientale," composed by George Asch; and "Viola," an intermezzo for the pianoforte, by J. G. Veaco.—"Shadowland" is a smoothly-written valse by Hugh Clendon, the time of which is well-marked.



AN UMBRELLA LOAN SOCIETY is to be established in Berlin. Branch offices will be opened all over the city, where members can obtain umbrellas in case of a sudden shower.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITIONS have been unusually successful this year. Thus the Wolverhampton Industrial and Archaeological Exhibition, which has just been closed, claims a profit of some 2,000/- over the working expenses, which will be used to purchase works for the town Fine-Art Gallery. During the five months the Exhibition has been open there have been over 300,000 paying visitors, besides more than 2,000 season ticket holders.

AN INTERESTING COPY OF PRAXITELES' FAMOUS CNIDIAN VENUS has been added to the Gallery of Casts in the South Kensington Museum. It is taken from the copy in the Vatican, which had long been disfigured and hidden by the thin drapery placed round the figure by a former Pope, and lengthy negotiations took place before the Papal authorities would permit the drapery to be temporarily removed to make a complete cast. The Venus is a very successful copy.

THE STREAM COMMUNICATION BETWEEN GERMANY and distant countries, aimed at by the Steamer Subsidy Bill so dear to Prince Bismarck's heart, seems tolerably exhaustive now that the gist of the measure is known. Thus it is proposed to establish two lines to Australia, two to China and Japan, one to Egypt, another from Aden to Bombay, and—especially important under the present condition of Teutonic pretensions in Africa—line from Germany to Delagoa Bay, calling at Gorée in Senegambia, Angra Pequena, Capetown Natal, Mozambique, and Zanzibar.

AGRICULTURE IN NORMANDY is in a most depressed condition, and farmers and proprietors in this usually productive district grow poorer year by year, thanks to the reduced price of land and excessive foreign competition. Although the late harvest was exceptionally good, throughout the Department of Calvados numbers of farmers try to cancel their leases or else go off altogether, while the landowners find their property either taken at half-price or going a begging. Land has gone down fully a third in value between Caen and the sea, and property is put up to sale at low prices without finding a single bidder.

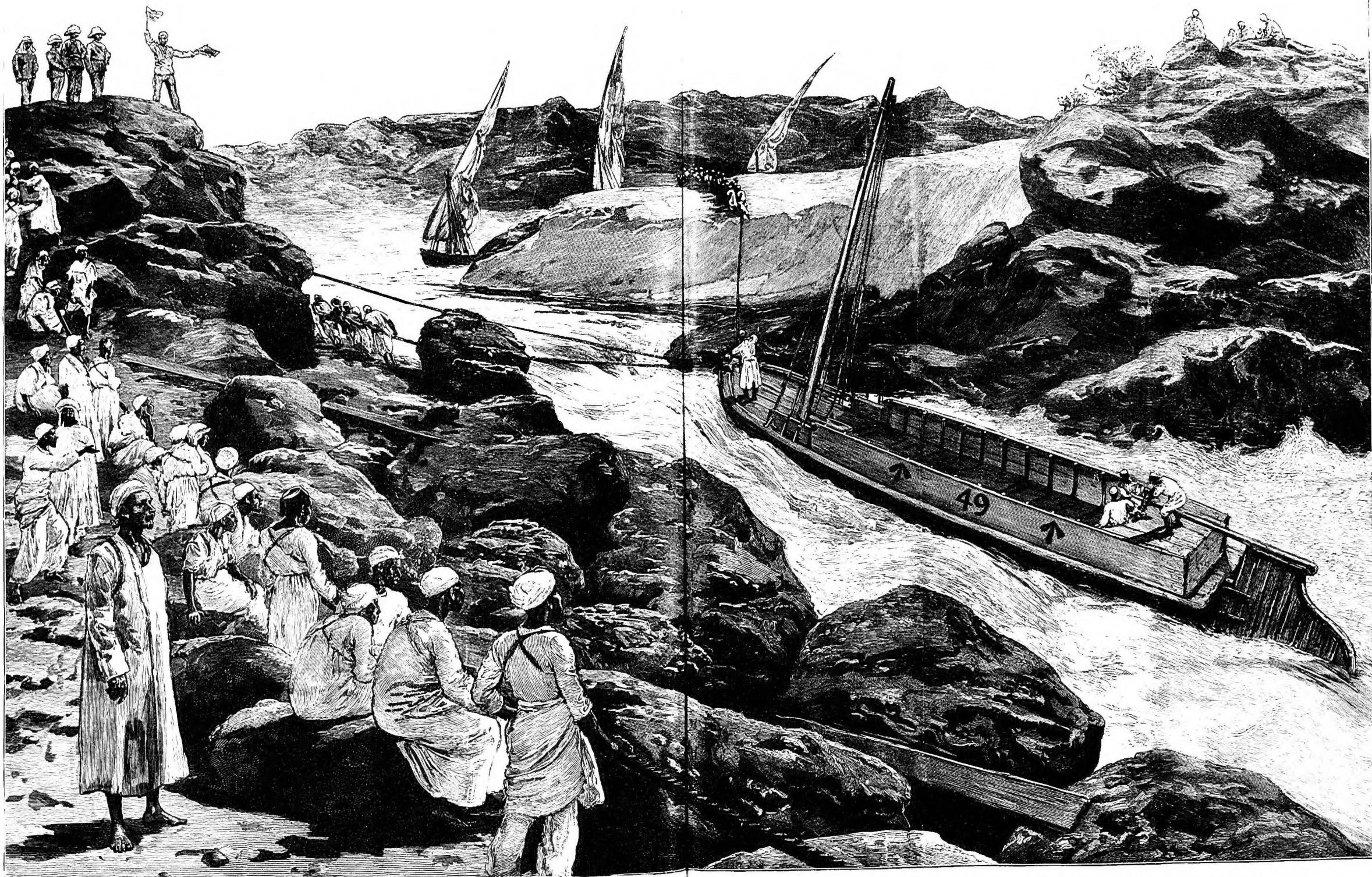
THE HEALTH EXHIBITION, during its six months' existence, prospered far beyond the highest expectations. From May 8 to the closing day, on October 31, 4,167,681 persons were admitted—a number nearly equaling the whole population of London, and 35 per cent. higher than the numbers of the Fishers, though the latter was open for five days longer. As a rule, the daily average reached 27,000 visitors; but towards the close this average greatly increased, as the provincial excursions brought up at least a quarter of a million people to the Exhibition. The highest number of all was 72,000, on the August Bank Holiday. Among this mass of people only one charge was brought before the magistrate, and that comparatively needless.

LONDON MORTALITY slightly increased last week, and 1,503 deaths were registered against 1,463 during the previous seven days, a rise of 40, but being 118 below the average, and at the rate of 19·5 per 1,000. These deaths included 21 from small-pox (a rise of 6), 22 from measles (an increase of 6), 28 from scarlet fever (a rise of 6), 22 from diphtheria (same as the previous week), 13 from whooping-cough (an increase of 1), 22 from enteric fever (a rise of 10), 5 from ill-defined forms of fever (a rise of 2), 26 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 1), and not one from typhus or simple cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 348, a rise of 74, but 38 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 50 deaths, 41 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 20 from fractures and contusions, 4 from drowning, 3 from poison, and 9 of infants under 1 year of age from suffocation. Seven cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,745 births registered, against 2,694 during the previous week, being 124 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 48·2 deg., and 0·3 deg. below the average.

ALL SOULS' DAY CUSTOMS on the Continent are not merely confined to visiting and adorning the graves of friends and relatives. In Belgium poor children erect rude altars before their cottage doors, duly decked with figures of the Madonna and candles, and stand patiently there all the evening begging the passers-by to give them money "to buy cakes for the poor souls in purgatory." Cakes and All Souls also are inseparably connected in childish minds throughout the Tyrol, where the little ones are given sweet biscuits in the shapes of horses or hares, called "Soul-pieces"—while in Bavaria they receive long cakes pointed at each end, "Seelenspitze." Talking of All Souls' Day, sorrowing French families who visited the cemeteries last Sunday were sorely annoyed by the noisy vendors of cheap toys, pictures, birds, &c., who turned the approaches to each cemetery into a perfect suburban fair. One of the great attractions at Père La Chaise was M. Thiers' tomb, erected by his sister-in-law, Mdlle. Dosne. The monument, now nearly finished, is in the form of a chapel, and will be most richly decorated with painting and sculpture, and the tomb will lie in the crypt in the centre, on the plan of the Great Napoleon's tomb in the Invalides.

A GROUP OF FOREIGN EXHIBITIONS.—Although the cholera has kept away many people from Turin, the Exhibition has proved a decided success, and the closing is deferred until the 16th prox. The prizes and medals were distributed on Tuesday, and fêtes are being given up to the last. Nearer home, Antwerp is completely absorbed in preparing for her display next year, and has been obliged to allot twice the space originally intended for the Exhibition buildings, owing to the enormous number of applications. All the buildings are to be ready by December 31st, and so far are in a very advanced condition, while the large central hall, intended for evening concerts and conferences, is to be used as a Bourse for part of the day. Few countries will be absent, and where, as in Germany, Government help is lacking, private means will supply the deficiency. The Servian collection promises to be particularly interesting, including specimens of the Balkan mineral products hitherto little known, while the Colonial fever of the times is shown by the eagerness of each country to show off Colonial industries. Portugal provides a special Government vessel to bring over the African exhibits, Holland organises a fine collection from the East Indies, and France intends that her latest foreign possessions in Madagascar, Tonkin, Obock, and the Congo, shall be fully represented. All the French Colonial collections will be housed in a quaint Cambodian château. The Dutch diamond-cutting and the Italian glass-making industries will be fully shown, while Belgium herself will make a special feature of her iron trade, exhibiting in particular the whole machinery of a monster war vessel. Across the Atlantic, the mammoth New Orleans World's Fair will not be opened until December 16th, when great festivities will be held. Contrary to custom, the Exhibition is nearly ready for the opening day, and the States in general have taken the greatest interest in the display. The main building occupies 33 acres, nearly double the space of the main building at the Philadelphia Centennial.

LORD WOLESLEY, SIR R. FULTON, AND SIR F. WOOD



NATIVES RESTING WITH HAWSES, THE NUGGAR HAVING PASSED ON

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON — TOWING A NUGGAR PAST THE SECOND CATARACT
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

FOREIGN

will be able to command a compact majority is exceedingly doubtful, and we shall in all probability hear of another sop being given to the Clericals to secure the support of the "Centre," with which the Conservatives will form a fair nucleus to begin upon.

The Brunswick Succession is still warmly discussed, and the Government are publishing letters of the late King George of Hanover to show how inadvisable it would be to agree to the Duke of Cumberland's pretensions. It is not improbable that Prince William of Prussia will be appointed Regent to the Duchy, and thus pave the way for its ultimate absorption by Prussia.—A pretty little University scandal has been amusing Berlin. Prince Bismarck had rewarded a certain medical man, Dr. Schweninger, for reducing the Chancellor's corpulence by appointing him Professor of the University. The various professors greatly resented this, and the new comer being practically insulted by the Rector, Professor Du Bois Reymond, the latter was called out by Dr. Schweninger, but refused to fight.—The European Powers have now been definitely invited to attend the West African Conference on the 15th inst. Meanwhile, the German Squadron of four corvettes *Bismarck*, *Olga*, *Ariadne*, and *Gneisenau* have sailed for the West Coast of Africa. The squadron is commanded by Admiral Knorr, and will be joined on its arrival by the gunboat *Mörer*.

In the UNITED STATES the campaign for the Presidency was virtually decided on Tuesday. The contest was neck and neck to the last—the casting votes being the 36 votes given by New York State, which ultimately decided for Mr. Blaine by a majority of 10,000. The remarkable closeness of the voting excited general surprise. Mr. Blaine carried all the New England States, Connecticut excepted, while the South went all but solid for Mr. Cleveland, while some of the Western States also showed a decidedly Democratic leaning.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—We hear from AUSTRIA that forged English bank notes, dated August 16, 1883, have been passed to a large extent at Vienna. A man named John Coleman has been arrested, but the chief culprit has so far escaped.—In LUXEMBURG the King of Holland has unveiled with great ceremony a statue of King William II., who gave the Duchy her charter of semi-independence. As the Salic law prevails in the Duchy, the Duke of Nassau is universally recognised as the heir presumptive.—In SPAIN the new Treaty of Commerce with the United States is being discussed. It opens Spanish colonies to American competition, and also admits Cuba and Porto Rico into a commercial Zollverein which the United States are gradually forming with Mexico and other Spanish-speaking countries, on the basis of reciprocal concessions and discriminating duties, to exclude European competition.—TURKEY is very angry at not being invited to the Congo Conference, and talks of protesting.—In ITALY the King of the Belgians has sent King Humbert the Silver Medal of Humanity for his devotion to his people during the cholera epidemic.—In INDIA Colonel Ridgway and the Indian section of the Afghan Frontier Commission have arrived close to Lash Jowair, and has opened communication with Sir P. Lumsden and the Commissioners from Europe. The people are said to be friendly, and the Amee's officials obliging.—In NEW SOUTH WALES Parliament has been prorogued after a twelve months' session, the longest on record. In his speech Lord Loftus announced that the revenue was in a flourishing condition, and alluded to the fact that 300 miles of new railways had been opened in the year, and to the various rich mining discoveries. The Legislative Assembly, by a majority of one, has virtually set aside the resolution passed by the International Convention at Sydney last December. The proportional contribution towards the cost of the occupation of New Guinea, however, will be paid.



THE Queen and Princess Beatrice will remain in Scotland for three weeks longer, returning to Windsor about the 28th inst., and going thence to spend Christmas in the Isle of Wight, as usual. Meanwhile Her Majesty has received Mr. Dodson (now Baron Monk Bretton), who delivered up the seals of the Duchy of Lancaster, and the Queen subsequently presented the seals to Mr. Trevelyan, on his assuming office as Chancellor of the Duchy. Mr. Dodson and Mr. Trevelyan, as well as Mr. C. L. Peel, Clerk of the Council, dined with Her Majesty, and the Marquis of Lorne also spent two days at Balmoral. On Sunday the Queen and Princess attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, where the Rev. C. Campbell, of Dundee, officiated; and in the evening Lord Carlingford, the Rev. C. Campbell, and the Rev. A. Campbell joined Her Majesty and the Princess at dinner.

The Prince of Wales returned to town at the end of last week from visiting Lord Cadogan, at Braham Hall, Cambridge. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service, and next day the Prince went to the House of Lords, while on Tuesday morning he was present at a meeting of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes. In the evening, the Prince and Princess left town on a visit to Lord and Lady Carrington, at Wycombe Abbey, Bucks, and on reaching Wycombe Station received addresses from the Mayor and Corporation and the local Freemasons. Their route to the Abbey was gaily decorated and illuminated, and a triumphal arch erected of chairs—the local manufacture. The Prince on Wednesday shot over Lord Carrington's preserves; and on Thursday the Prince and Princess were to receive a deputation from the local chair manufacturers, to present the Princess with a lady's Queen Anne chair of inlaid mahogany, and the Prince with an oak Early English chair—both subscribed for by those employed in this branch of trade throughout the neighbourhood. The Prince and Princess were to leave in the evening. To-morrow (Sunday) is the Prince's forty-third birthday; but the usual balls commemorating both the Prince's and Princess's birthdays will be omitted owing to the Royal mourning, and the chief festivities will be deferred until Prince Albert Victor's coming of age in January.—Probably, on leaving Greenwich College, Prince George will spend a short time at Heidelberg, under the charge of Professor Ihne, who lately superintended Prince Albert Victor's studies in Germany.

The Duke of Edinburgh left Gibraltar with the Channel Squadron on Monday, for Malta, whence he returns to Gibraltar on the 18th inst. The Duchess has become a patron of the Hull Infirmary.—Princess Christian visited Brighton on Wednesday, to open a bazaar at the Pavilion in aid of Mrs. Vicars' Home for Friendless Girls. An address from the town was presented to the Princess.—The ex-Empress Eugénie met with a slight accident on Tuesday, when at Chislehurst on a visit to her son and husband's tombs. On alighting from her carriage at the church, the ex-Empress was thrown down by the step giving way, and injured her left leg. After resting a short time at Monsignor Goddard's house she was able to attend Mass and return to Farnborough, although in considerable pain.

GERMANY has been reckoning the net result of the elections, but no definition of the position of parties can be given until the ninety-seven supplementary ballots have been held. As far as the present goes the United Conservatives number 87, a gain of 9; the National Liberals 40, a loss of 5; the Centre 100, a loss of 9; the Liberalists or Progressists 31, a loss of 76; Popularists 2, a loss of 8; Social Democrats, 10, a loss of 3; Poles 16, a loss of 2. The chief features of these figures are the complete defeat of the Progressists. Whether or no, however, when the supplementary elections have been held Prince Bismarck



THE CONVOCATION OF THE PROVINCE OF CANTERBURY was prorogued on Tuesday, until Thursday the 11th December.

WHEN PRESIDING ON TUESDAY at the fourth annual Diocesan Conference at Liverpool, Bishop Ryle took the opportunity to rebuff the charge brought against him by the Liberationist M.P. for Bradford and others, of not having voted on the Second Reading of the Franchise Bill, because he distrusted the classes on whom it bestowed the suffrage. On the contrary, the Bishop of Liverpool said, he had great confidence in the people, and he believed that the country householder in Lancashire was just as capable of exercising the franchise wisely and well, as the borough householder of Bradford.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER presided at a meeting held this week in the Library of Lambeth Palace, convened by the Army Division of the Church of England Temperance Society. Canon Ellison, the Chairman of the Society, illustrated by statistics the amount of punishment to which drinking subjected soldiers. Among the speakers was Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, who testified from his military experiences in India to the good done there by the Society. An examination of the offences of 18,000 men, he said, had proved that nearly all of them originated in intemperance.

THERE ARE STILL PEOPLE who like to do good by stealth, and would blush to find it fame. Acknowledging the receipt of more than 1,000/- in response to his appeal on behalf of the family of the late Rev. J. E. Skuse, the Bishop of Bedford intimates that so many of the subscribers having asked for the non-appearance of their names, the list of them will be privately printed and sent to each donor.



WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL."—The German artists engaged for the first performance in England of Richard Wagner's last opera, *Parsifal*, have arrived. A full rehearsal under Mr. Barnby will be held this (Saturday) evening, and the first representation in oratorio form will be given at the Albert Hall on Monday. A glance through the story will suffice to show how impossible it would be to place the "Festival drama" on the English stage, although it must be confessed that, apart from scenic accessories and stage action, the work will lose a great deal of its interest. *Parsifal* deals with the legend of the Holy Grail. This, according to the songs of the Minnesingers, from whom Wagner has partly borrowed his plot, was the cup used by Our Lord at the Last Supper, and in which Thomas of Arimathea caught the blood which flowed from the side of Christ on the Cross. The cup had miraculous powers, and it was preserved in the gem-covered Castle of Monsalvat, in Spain. When *Parsifal* opens, it seems that King Amfortas, son of Titurel, has, while out on an expedition, been caught by the wiles of a wondrously beautiful woman, and has lost the sacred spear with which the Roman soldier pierced the side of the Saviour. He has a wound which ever flows, and will flow until a "pure fool" (a play on "Fal-parsi" or Parsifal) shall come to recover the spear and unveil the Grail. Parsifal himself is captured after he has shot one of the sacred swans, and he is taken by the Knight Gurnemanz to the Hall of the Grail, where the knights celebrate the Love Feast, or practically, the Feast of the Last Supper. This scene, which closes the first act, is by far the finest in the work. In the next act, Mr. Barnby has wisely struck out the long conversation between the magician Klingsor and his assistant Kundry (the only female in the opera), and the act opens with the ballet and choruses of the beautiful damsels who tempt Parsifal. Kundry herself assists in the temptation, but Parsifal remains firm. The Magician takes an opportunity to throw the sacred spear at the hero. But it remains miraculously suspended over the head of Parsifal, who makes with it the sign of the Cross. Thereupon the magic castle fall into ruins, and the damsels become withered flowers. A great part of the opening of Act III. is cut out by Mr. Barnby, and this scene opens with the hardly tasteful episode where the now-penitent Kundry washes the feet of Parsifal and wipes them with her hair. Gurnemanz baptises Parsifal, who in turn christens Kundry. They all go off to the Hall of the Grail, where in another fine finale Parsifal uncovers the sacred cup, and cures Amfortas with a touch of the spear, Kundry placidly dying. This extraordinary mixture of the mythical and the religious elements would, of course, not be allowed here, except in the form of an oratorio. Amateurs wishing to buy the vocal score should be recommended to choose the "simplified score;" as the original, by the late Josef Rubinstein, is quite unplayable, and is absolutely useless.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—At the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the announcement of Beethoven's C minor Symphony attracted a large audience. Mdlle. Kleberg played Chopin's Concerto in E minor; which, however, seemed hardly suited to her style. Her hearers were, notwithstanding, enthusiastic, and twice recalled her. Madame Minnie Hauk sang "Elsa's Dream" (strangely enough, in Italian, and transposed a semitone); the "Styrienne," from *Mignon*; and the "Habañera," from *Carmen*. The novelty was an orchestral interlude, entitled "Salve Polonia," from Liszt's forthcoming oratorio, *Stanislaus*. The interlude, which is based on a theme from Liszt's 8th Psalm and two national Polish melodies, is incoherent, although it is hardly fair to express an opinion of it apart from its surroundings. The subject of the oratorio is Bishop Stanislaus, who was martyred by King Boleslas II., was two centuries afterwards canonised by the Pope, and subsequently became the Patron Saint of Poland.

OPERATIC MATTERS.—Under somewhat unfortunate conditions Mr. Samuel Hayes opened Her Majesty's Theatre for Italian opera on Tuesday. Some of Mr. Hayes's vocalists had, it is said, disappointed him, the scenery and appointments were shabby, and the playing of the orchestra seemed to imply that the members had little profited by any rehearsals they may have had. Under such circumstances the performance of Rossini's comic masterpiece, *Barbiere*, was anything but satisfactory. The Rosina was "Madame Ségar from La Scala, Milan," in whom, however, old opera-goers recognised the American soprano, Miss Laura Harris, who twenty or more years ago sang at the old opera house now burnt down. Signor Padilla, a sound artist, was a somewhat tragic Figaro, and the Almaviva was suffering severely from hoarseness.—Mr. Carl Rosa will produce *Manon* at Liverpool January 2. The action of Mr. Goring Thomas's opera, *Nadeschda*, written for this company, passes in the reign of the Empress Catherine of Russia. The plot turns on the love of the young Russian noble Vladimir for the

peasant girl Nadeschda, who is loved by the villain Ostab, also a serf. Ostab is eventually killed, and true love of course triumphs.

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS.—A performance of *Messiah* was given at St. James's Hall last week, under Mr. Cusins, and with Madame Christine Nilsson, Miss Hope Glenn, Messrs. Righy and Foli as chief artists. Madame Nilsson has, however, by no means improved in her now somewhat pronounced manner of oratorio singing, while the performance by a "scratch" chorus left a good deal to be desired.—At the Popular Concerts the programmes have been of no special interest. Herr Barth played on Saturday Bach's "Italian" Concerto, and on Monday Beethoven's Sonata in D, Op. 10, No. 3. A Mozart quartet and quintet, and piano trios in E flat by Beethoven, and in E minor by Spohr, were likewise announced. The "turn-over" by omitting a "repeat" in the Corelli Sonata caused Madame Norman Neruda to stop. But the error was quickly condoned by the audience, who applauded as though they would have liked an encore. Next Monday Madame Kleberg will play.—On Monday the Hackney Choir, under Mr. E. Prout, performed Mendelssohn's *Athalie* without the spoken lyrics, and a Handelian selection.—At the concert, given by an orchestra of strings formed from the girl and boy students at the Guildhall School of Music, "Russian" suite by Mendelssohn's pupil Wiener and a suite for strings by Dvorak were performed under Mr. West Hill's direction. The Lady Mayoress presented the prizes.—The Richter concert on Tuesday brought forward no novelties. The fourth Hungarian rhapsody, adapted by Liszt from his pianoforte rhapsody No. 2, has already been heard under Mr. Walter Bach, and at the Philharmonic and the Crystal Palace. Herr Richter, who fully enters into the spirit of these things, had a difficulty in resisting an encore. A finer performance than that of the introduction and closing scene from *Tristan und Isolde*, has probably never been heard. The programme likewise included the *Meistersinger* prelude, the *Walkürenrit*, and Brahms' third symphony.—Concerts, of which no further notice can be taken, have likewise been given by Herr Peiniger, Miss Carlingford (to demonstrate the benefits of Dr. Carter Moffat's artificial Italian air), Mr. H. Holmes, and others.



MR. TOOTH'S GALLERY

The Winter Exhibition at No. 5, Haymarket, like that which inaugurated the new gallery, consists mainly of foreign pictures. Some of the best of them are by artists who habitually find their subjects in the by-ways of Venice. By C. Van Haanen, infinitely the most accomplished of this group of painters, there is a picture, "The Fortune-Teller"—trite in subject, but most artistically treated. The beauty and natural grace of the two credulous girls contrast strongly with the commonplace character of the astute and ugly old woman, who with her fat finger is pointing out the indications of the cards spread out before her. Nothing could well be more masterly than the execution of the picture, or more harmonious than its composition and colour.—"La Bella Cattina," by Eugène de Blaas, which hangs near it, though a work of great ability, suffers somewhat by the comparison, some of the local tints being a little crude in quality. The attractive girl, who, fully conscious of her charms and of the admiration she excites, is walking with her maid, is a strikingly true type of Venetian character.—Franz Ruben's picture of boats moored off the island of San Giorgio, with sailors at breakfast, and Ettore Tito's sketchy "Venetian Market-Place," are excellent works of their class, full of local colour, and most ably executed.

The largest work in the collection is M. Léon Lhermitte's "Le Moisson," which attracted much attention at the Paris Salon last year. The artist's chosen models are not very pleasing specimens of humanity, and he has depicted them with uncompromising fidelity, as well as with great artistic skill. A smaller work, "Midday Rest," recently finished by this artist, while not less true as a picture of rural life, is much more agreeable. The figures here are naturally grouped, and they have the easy mobility and robust grace often seen in peasants when engaged in their habitual pursuits. The impression of bright daylight is vividly conveyed, and the picture leaves nothing to be desired as regards composition, colour, or keeping. A strong contrast to this simple and manly kind of art is presented in M. G. Jacquet's life-sized, half-length "Mignon." It displays, together with extraordinary manipulative dexterity, the artist's taste for artificiality and meretricious colour. The head is one of great beauty, and it is animated by a charming expression, but the lips are impossibly red, and the carnations are very unlike those "by Nature's cunning hand laid on." A great deal of art, and a still larger amount of labour, have been lavished by Luis Jimenez on his picture, "The Rehearsal," in which a poet is seen reciting his verses before a youthful female Sovereign and her Court. More animation in some of the heads, and more diversity of expression, would render the picture more interesting, but every part of it seems to have been carefully considered. It is wrought throughout with fastidious care and great imitative skill.

THE FRENCH GALLERY

The fact that one of its walls is exclusively occupied by the works of one artist causes Mr. Wallis's gallery in Pall Mall to present a somewhat monotonous appearance. Carl Heffner is undoubtedly, within certain limits, a very able artist; but his peculiarities of executive method are strongly marked, and, when constantly repeated, become wearisome. Many of these pictures and studies, painted in Italy within the last two years, have fine artistic qualities, those of moderate dimensions being generally the best. The large views on the Roman Campagna want depth and fulness of tone, and the breadth of style proper to work on so large a scale. They are all, however, true to local fact, and display finished workmanship and careful study of detail.

A capital picture by Professor L. C. Müller, of Vienna, represents two swarthy Arabs playing at tric-trac in a Cairene *café*. The on-lookers as well as the players are true types of Oriental character, and all are animated and expressive in their gestures. The picture is remarkable, moreover, for its truthful illumination and fine quality of colour. We have seen nothing by him so luminous in tone, or so completely harmonious in general effect. Professor J. Brandt, an artist hitherto little known in England, is the author of a very large and striking picture representing "A Horse Fair in Bessarabia." The picturesquely attired men and the horses are full of vitality, and, as well as the other characteristic features of the scene, they are painted with masterly breadth and firmness of touch. The effect of bright sunshine is forcibly rendered, and the picture as a whole conveys a vivid sense of reality. A small picture by C. Seiler, "Tracking the Route," shows, together with the delicate workmanship and good keeping we have been accustomed to find in his work, considerable power of expression. The old gentleman and his travelling companion, who are poring over a map, are distinctly characterised and natural in their gestures.—Miss Clara Montalba has two picturesque Venetian water-colour drawings. Most of the other English pictures have

been seen before. They include Elmore's half-length figure, "An Eastern Water Carrier," Mr. Frank Holl's "Her Last Resource," one of his best works of the kind; and Mr. W. H. Bartlett's "A Cornish Drying Ground," which occupied a very much worse place at the Academy this year than it deserved.

MR. MCLEAN'S GALLERY

THREE recently finished pictures by Mr. Millais constitute the chief attraction of the Winter Exhibition, at No. 7, Haymarket. They are entitled respectively "The Mistletoe Gatherer," "Little Miss Muffet," and "A Message from the Sea," each consisting of a single life-sized figure. They are not the best works of the kind that Mr. Millais has produced, but they all show his unrivalled skill in rendering childlike character. The first in order, representing a young girl sitting in the snow with a bill hook in her hand, and a bundle of mistletoe at her back, is chiefly remarkable for the youthful beauty of the head, and its frank and fearless expression. "Little Miss Muffet" is a more attractive, and in some respects a better picture. The alarm of the little girl on discovering the proximity of the spider and her childish indignation are admirably expressed; the face is painted in masterly style, and so is the blue bonnet, which by its well-chosen colour gives additional value to the gowing flesh tints. The third and least successful of these works shows a girl trying to decipher a paper she has taken from a bottle cast up by the tide. Together with many fine qualities, all these pictures show signs of haste or carelessness, the draperies especially being loosely handled and undefined in form.

Mr. G. H. Boughton's "Going to Church in New England" presents no novelty of subject, but the figures are finely designed, and it has a freshness and purity of tone that have been absent from many of his recent works.—M. Harlamoff's picture of a little Italian girl shows careful observation of nature, and is painted in a sound and solid style.—A. Pasini's "Courtyard at Cairo" is a delightful little picture, full of picturesque beauty, and exquisitely harmonious in colour.—G. Barison's scene in Venice, "The Fruiterer's Shop," and a low-toned interior, "The Careful Housewife," by T. Mesker, are among many very small pictures deserving notice. Mr. Vicat Cole and Mr. Leader are represented by landscapes in their accustomed styles, and there are many sporting pictures by M. O. de Penne, Mr. J. Hardy, Mr. J. S. Noble, and Mr. T. Blinks.

ON Friday and Saturday last the annual exhibition of the works of the students of the Female School of Art, Queen's Square, took place. The number of awards by the Science and Art Department was unusually large. The National Silver Medal was awarded to Ada Hann for a set of water-colour studies of flowers from nature. Eight groups competed for the Queen's Gold Medal, which was won by Annie Waterlow Hickson for a good composition of colour of oranges, barberry, &c. Amongst the works exhibited we noticed a number of excellent water-colour drawings from the life, especially those by Lydia B. King, by Marion R. Henn, and Edith Calvert. There was also a special exhibition of fans, some by former students.



THE revival of *Romeo and Juliet*, at the LYCEUM Theatre, has not disappointed the expectations of those who were led by certain managerial announcements and semi-official statements to look for an exceptionally brilliant *mise-en-scène*. If the pretence of profound archaeological learning has broken down—if promises of original pictures of houses in Old Verona, all certified to be of no older date than the year 1300, together with costumes, &c., warranted to be appropriate, because copied from Carpaccio's famous pictures of the legend of St. Ursula—a work belonging to the close of the fifteenth century, have proved, as was inevitable, to be little more than idle words, there is still room to admire the beauty of the pictures which Messrs. Hawes Craven, O'Connor, Hall, Bruce Smith, and Perkins have prepared for this occasion. Nor should Mr. Lewis Wingfield be denied his meed of praise for the picturesque qualities of the dresses and other archaic details. After all, the search for correct costumes in relation to a Shakespearean legendary play is very much like the search for the absolute, or the philosopher's stone, or the true and infallible mode of squaring the circle. Modern Verona, it is true, has fixed the date of the tragic story of the "star-crossed lovers" with extreme precision, taking its stand upon 1303 with a confidence and a determination which render it almost perilous for the stranger to hint a doubt. But there are equally good reasons for later dates. The stage archaeologist, moreover, must have an eye to effect. He has to settle accounts with the ladies of the company; also with the gentlemen, whom the ladies are prone to declare to be hardly less difficult to deal with. Now 1303 is the period of Giotto and his disciples, and we need not tell the members of the Arundel Society, or, indeed, any one who has the least glimmering of the history of costumes, that this was a time when both sexes attired themselves in long flowing robes, which would afford on the stage but little scope for picturesqueness or variety, not to speak of the risk of being classed by an irreverent gallery under the general denomination of "bed gowns." In brief, Mr. Wingfield is not to be blamed for looking more to the picture than to the consistency of his dresses in relation to any particular time within a century or two anterior to the poet's day. All that is to be complained of is the claim to archaeological correctness, accompanied, if the report of his words may be trusted, with some depreciation of Mr. Irving's famous representation, on the ground that it "belonged to no period at all." Some of the scenes of the earlier revival—the ball room and the churchyard for example—were certainly more effective than those of the present performance, which otherwise may compare favourably with anything that has been achieved in the way of stage art in recent times. The Garden Scene in particular, with its terrace upon terrace descending flights of stone steps far away into the moonlit haze, is as beautiful and poetical, as the same scene in the Irving revival, overcrowded as it was with horticultural and arboricultural displays, was commonplace and pretentious.

While we are thus endeavouring to determine the true limits of the claim put forth for this remarkable revival on the score of scenic beauty and archaeological correctness let us not forget to express our satisfaction at the very general protest entered by the critics against the managerial claim to have introduced something better than the received text. The absurdity of the boast of having preferred the second quarto, published by Burby in 1599, is sufficiently demonstrated by the circumstance that the folio edition, which is in fact the received text, is known to have been substantially a reprint from Burby—the variations being few and of little importance. The merit of the present Lyceum stage copy is that it neither transposes scenes nor interpolates anything, though, after a custom which has become more pronounced since the scene-painter's convenience has become a paramount consideration, the dialogue has been considerably reduced, and certain scenes altogether omitted.

We wish we could say that the acting of the play is equal to the scenic art and the stage management. Unfortunately, though we

have some well-drilled comedy companies, we have no troupe devoting themselves to the study of the poetical drama, with a view to a complete and harmonious result. Miss Mary Anderson, in her succession of rich, though simple, dresses, is a very beautiful Juliet, possessing not only the sovereign qualification of youth, but also abundant grace and much charm of manner. It is easy to say that her performance in the Balcony Scene was artificial; we thought it, on the contrary, full of innocent impulsiveness. Her alternative playfulness and pouting under the teasing prolixities of the nurse was equally natural and pleasing. In the more pathetic scenes generally a certain want of measure was felt, attributable, we suspect, in part to first-night nervousness. There was more self-command in her delivery of the bedchamber soliloquy—a highly wrought piece of acting, tending, no doubt, to the excess which tradition here prescribes, but still not to be blamed—as must be evident to any one who reads the text, for not depicting that mood of calm despair and fixed resolution which some authorities have unwisely insisted upon. At most it is only the last line, "Romeo, I come," which indicates calm determination, and this is uttered by Miss Anderson with a marked subsidence of passion, though her fall upon the bed was sufficiently energetic and eccentric to startle the spectators. There is really little else in the way of acting that is specially noteworthy beyond the grave, yet genial, Friar Laurence of Mr. Arthur Stirling, the quaint, humorous Peter of Mr. H. Kemble, and, we need scarcely add, the incomparable nurse of Mrs. Stirling. Mr. A. Lewis was a very creditable Benvolio; but Mr. H. Standing, while looking the character of Mercutio admirably, delivered the Queen Mab speech in a somewhat prosaic fashion. Mr. Terriss presents a youthful and a graceful Romeo, who quarrels and fights picturesquely, but does not woo with any convincing passion.

A new comedy by Mr. A. Meadow, brought out at the VAUDEVILLE Theatre last week, adds another title to the rather long list of tentative *matinée* performances which have left no reasonable ground for congratulating either author or performers. Miss Florence Wade, a young lady who made her appearance on the occasion in a leading part, is at present, at least, manifestly too little experienced in the ways of the stage for so prominent a position.

Mdlle. Jane May, at the ROYALTY Theatre, has in M. Sardou's *Divorces* once more exhibited her remarkable talents and charm of manner in one of Madame Chaumont's parts. The comedy is cleverly represented by Mr. Mayer's company.

A new farcical comedy, in three acts, entitled *Lilies; or, Hearts and Actresses*, written by Mr. Harry Paulton, will be produced at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre, Liverpool (where all Sothern's successes first saw the light) on Monday next, November 10. Mr. Paulton's piece is intended to satirise the fashionable rage for "Schools of Acting," and he himself undertakes the part of a Professor of Elocution.



I.

This month's *Fortnightly* opens with a fair-minded criticism of "Mr. Gladstone." The paper is from an admirer, and, while giving due emphasis to the Premier's known great qualities, does also justice to his weaknesses. The writer remarks on the waste of energy implied in the Prime Minister's "persistent attention to debates which to others seem duller than Saturnian lead. He has been known, and doubtless will be known again," so the publicist says, "to sit for hours in the House of Commons, with only a score of members present, listening, not merely with indefatigable patience, but with positive enthusiasm, to a succession of bores holding forth on a subject of no general interest. Could there be any more touching testimony to the infinite toleration of the Prime Minister?"—The paper by Sutton Sharpe on "Moderation and Total Abstinence" will not improbably excite indignation among teetotallers, who are accused of dealing in "sham science, false history, baseless assumptions, and direct misquotations" to advance their cause.

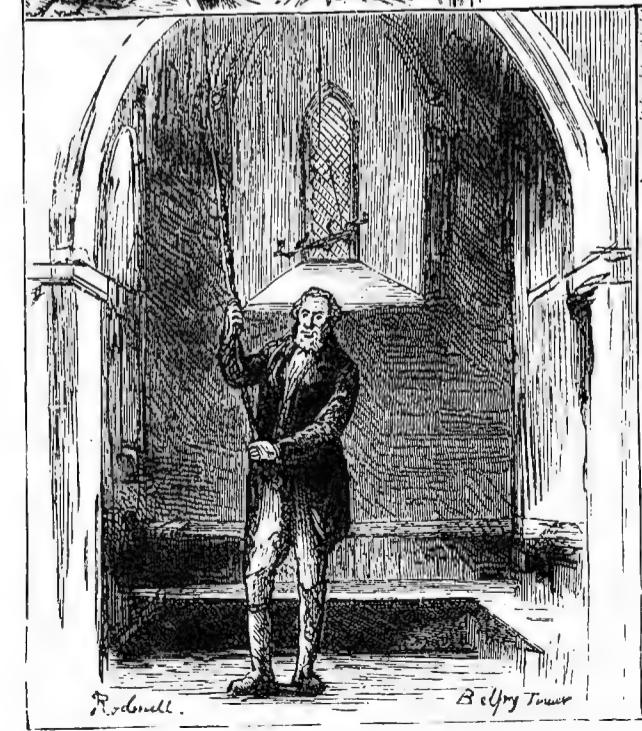
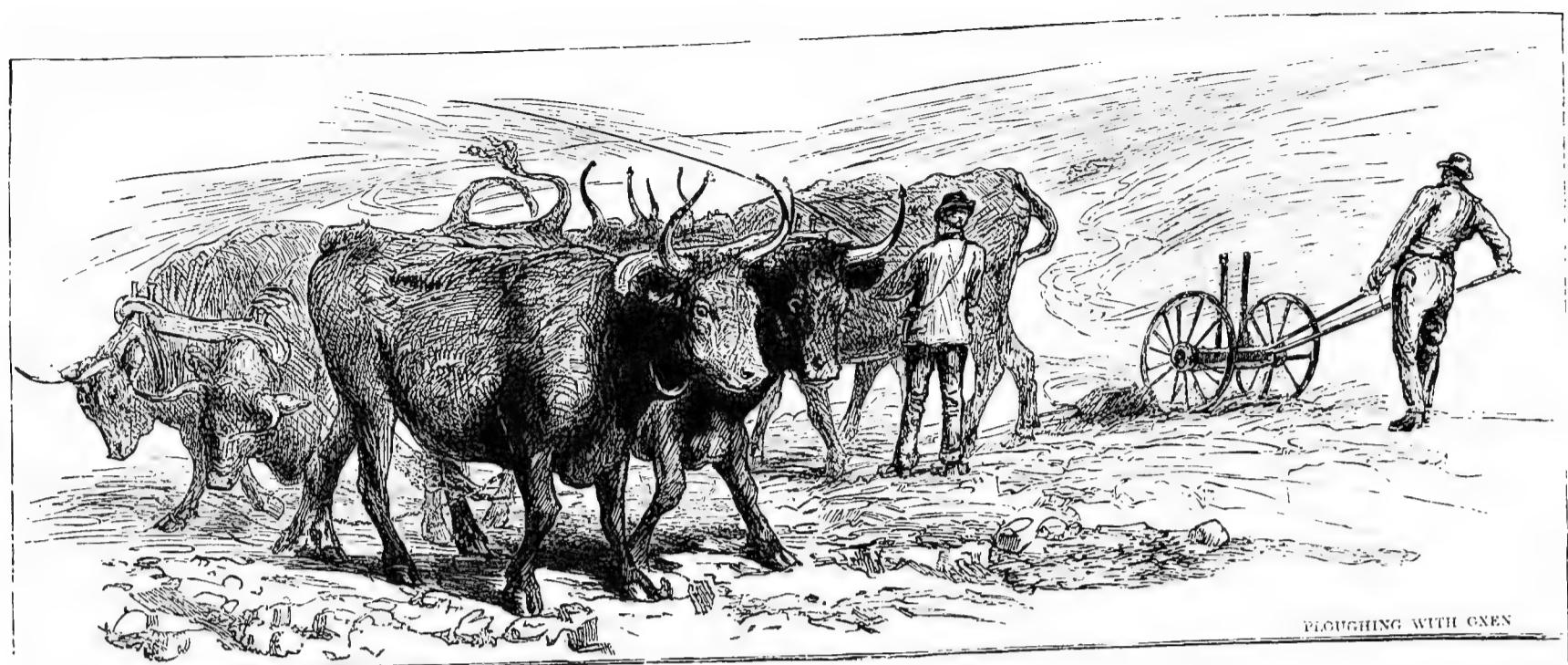
In the *Nineteenth Century* Lord Brabourne takes up the question of the hour in an article entitled "What will the Peers do?" His Lordship uses his opportunity to make an attack on the Whigs and "Moderate Liberals." "We constantly hear it said," he observes, "among that large class of Englishmen who take no active part in party politics, 'We do not much like this or that measure, but surely the country is safe with a statesman so really conservative as Mr. Gladstone?' and 'No real harm can come to us while such moderate men as Lord Hartington are in the Government.' Such are the statements with which men satisfy and deceive themselves, whilst in reality the support which 'Conservatives' such as Mr. Gladstone, and moderate men such as Lord Hartington, give to extreme views by allying themselves to extreme men as their colleagues, gives to the latter a power and influence which they would never otherwise have possessed, and is by no means balanced by the use of moderate and conservative words in the advocacy of Radical measures."—Mr. Edward Dicey, in "Lord Northbrook's Mission," trenchantly criticises the Ministerial policy towards Egypt.

Sir E. J. Reed gives in the *Contemporary* his opinion on "The British Navy." He is in favour of building shorter armoured battle-ships, and of providing the country with swift armoured cruisers. He is not hopeful, however, that wise precautions will be taken in time to remedy our deficiencies. "There was a time," he remarks, "when, as a people, we took a pride in our Navy, and were animated by an ardent national spirit." He scarcely thinks this statement true of us now.—Mr. James Bryce, M.P., contributes to this review a very able paper, headed "Do we Need a Second Chamber?" He gives many reasons for an answer in the affirmative, but he fears that the House of Lords will excite such animus against itself as to make the very idea of a Senate hateful to the masses.

The article in this month's *National Review* is "The Navy; its Duties and Capacity," by the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P. We are not prepared, in the event of the sudden outbreak of a naval war, he maintains, to protect our coasts, our shipping, and our colonies. "If," he says, "it can be shown that England, her colonies, and her commerce are safe, that the fifty millions' worth of British shipping afloat and the cargoes they carry are reasonably secure from capture in any part of the world, and that the large population of this country depending for the bread they eat and for the wages with which they purchase it on the punctual passing to and fro of the great carriers of the sea need have no anxiety that tomorrow will be as to-day, then a great load will be lifted from the minds of many lovers of their country, who, with their limited sources of information, cannot help regarding the present naval strength as dangerously insufficient."

In the *Scottish Review* for October there is a very powerful defence of "The Teaching of Archdeacon Farrar" against the assaults of the Ultra-Evangelicals. Most interesting, too, it is to learn of the spread of Archdeacon Farrar's views among Presbyterians north of the Tweed.

Blackwood's opens with the first portion of an exhaustive review on the recently published correspondence and diaries of John Wilson Croker. As a criticism and a summary it promises to be well done.



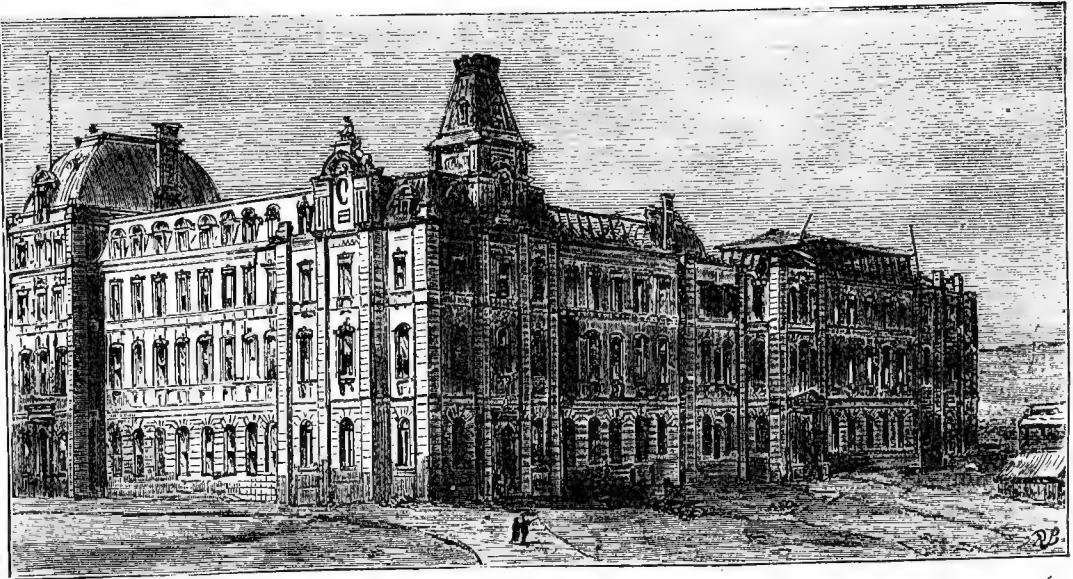
AN ANCIENT BELFRY



HOW THE SUSSEX DYEDS WERE FORMED



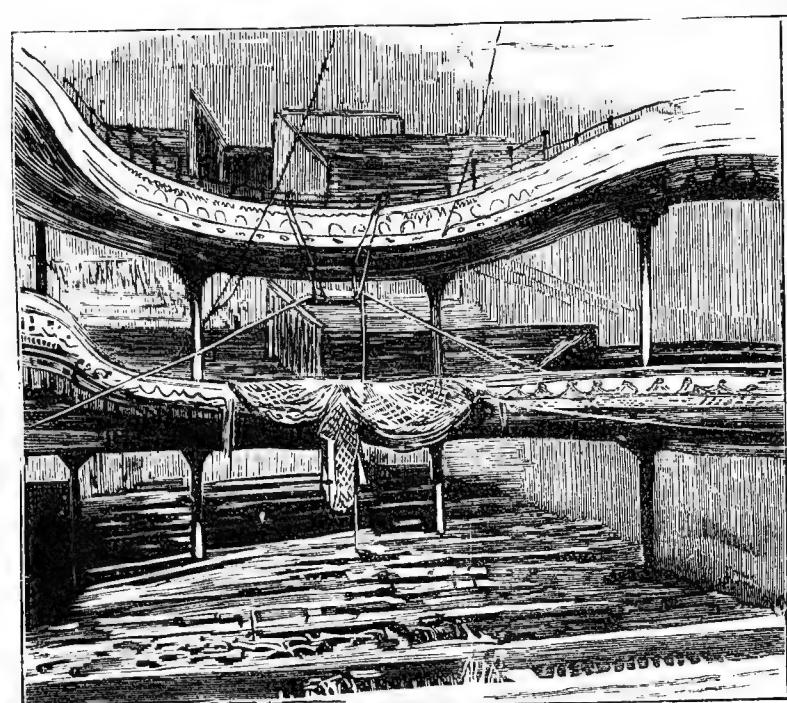
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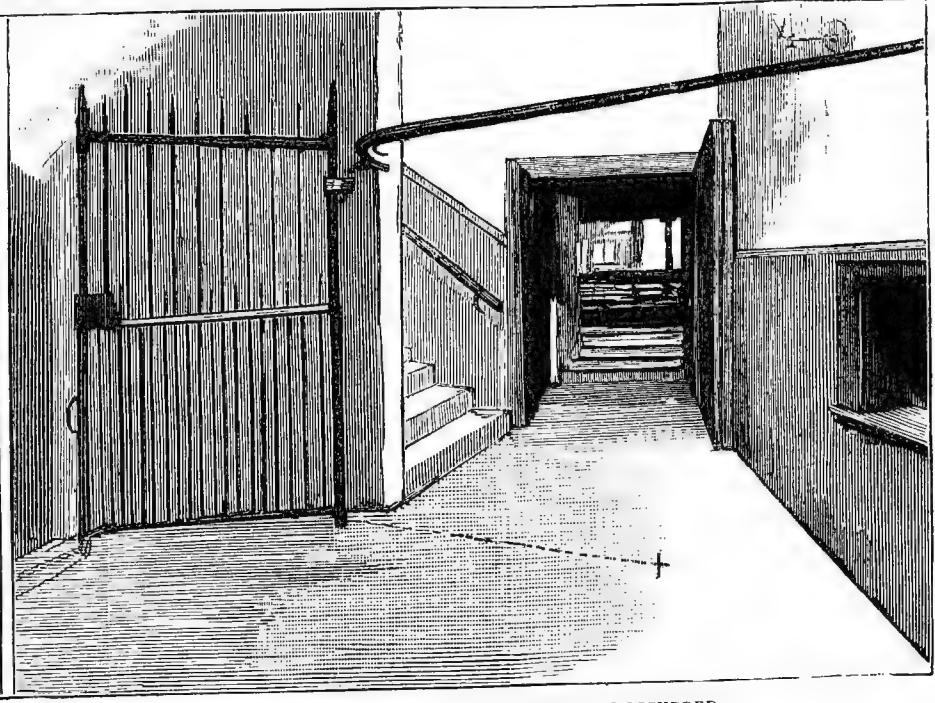
OUTSIDE

THE RECENT DYNAMITE EXPLOSION AT THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, QUEBEC

The Iron Gate Opens Along the Dotted Line as far as the Star Staircase to Gallery Door Leading to Pit Pan Room



INTERIOR OF THE THEATRE



THE STAIRCASE WHERE THE FATAL CRUSH OCCURRED

THE FATAL DISASTER AT THE STAR THEATRE, GLASGOW

L. K. Moore (Second Officer)	James Grant (Donkey Man)	Martin Mickelson (Seaman)	Laurence Muller (Boatswain)	Ah Foo (Second Chinese Cook)	Franz Jacobson (Seaman)
Thomas Bubb (Third Officer)	William Bradley (Third Engineer)	John Thompson (Purchaser)	Charles S. Crichton (Chief Officer)	James Wilson (Chief Engineer)	

John Stanton
(Fireman)Carl Gronu
(Seaman)Hameter Haar
(Seaman)George Essery
(First Steward)John Kelly
(Fireman)Olaus Holgerson
(Seaman)

THE SURVIVORS OF THE CREW OF THE "NISERO," LATELY RELEASED FROM CAPTIVITY BY THE RAJAH OF TENOM, ACHEEN

"Our William" is the title and refrain of some verses, in which Mr. Gladstone comes in for scathing treatment quite *à la Blackwood*.

In Macmillan there is an excellent article on Barbados. The island and its inhabitants are described with judgment and discrimination by one who evidently knows them well.

The two most striking articles in the *Magazine of Art* are "The New Forest," by Mrs. Henry Fawcett, and "Hastfield House," by J. Penderel-Brookhurst. They are both well-written, and both beautifully illustrated. Mr. Macbeth's frontispiece etching, "Here It Is!" is admirably executed, and has much humour.

The Rev. Dr. Macmillan continues in this month's *Art Journal* his elaborate and valuable paper on the "Western Riviera." The frontispiece is a fine engraving by Mr. Cousen, from Mr. Watson Nicol's pathetic picture "Lochaber No More." The illustrations generally maintain the same high standard of merit to which subscribers to the *Art Journal* are accustomed.

The most interesting thing in the *Portfolio* is the illustrated article on "Our Next Great Building," the new Admiralty and War Offices to be erected in Whitehall by Messrs. Leeming and Leeming. Mr. Walter Armstrong condemns all the selected designs, and declares that Messrs. Leeming's is the worst of all submitted in its treatment of architectural details. Mr. F. G. Stephens on "The British Institution" is good, and the etching of the Boulevard Montmartre, by Maxime Lalanne, is the best of the illustrations.



THE TURF.—Liverpool is always a busy meeting, and disengaged by the presence of a large contingent of Irish horses, which, notwithstanding the influence of the "separatist" movement in the Green Isle, are sent across St. George's Channel to win Saxon money. They are generally pretty successful in this, both in the earlier and later portions of our Turf season. The present occasion has been no exception, as among the Irish victories have already been those of Mallow in the Knowsley Nursery and New Meadow in the Grand Sefton Steeplechase. The result of the Liverpool Cup will not be known till after we go to press, but, without attempting to assume the prophetic rôle, there are many things more improbable than that one of the Irish division will secure this important race.

FOOTBALL.—Not many important games in the Association Cup contest have been played since our last Notes, but the victory of the Old Westminsters over the Bournemouth Rovers, and of Romford over Clapton, are to be recorded.—In Association games, Cambridge University have beaten the Swifts, and Aston Villa the Blackburn Rovers, the holders of the Association Cup. Notts, too, has beaten London, and Westminster School Brentwood, the latter having also suffered defeat at the hands, or rather feet, of Charterhouse. In a Rugby game, Oxford has beaten South Wales, and Blackheath Cambridge.

CRICKET.—Dr. W. G. Grace has just sent a remembrance of the Philadelphia and Gloucestershire match to Mr. John B. Thayer, jun., of Philadelphia. It is one of W. G.'s bats, used by him in his big matches of the present year. It was Mr. Thayer who disposed of the great cricketer in the first innings of the Gloucestershire match by a remarkably fine catch, and the keepsake was a graceful act of appreciation from one good cricketer to another, and will be highly valued by the recipient. Cricket has steadily increased in favour during this season in America, the games recorded being double those of last year. Still it is only popular in spots, and 99 per cent. of the residents of the States are in happy ignorance of its nature, if not of its name. It is to baseball that all attention is turned for six months of the year.—The English cricket eleven, under the captaincy of A. Shaw, have arrived in Australia on board the *Orient*, and have received a fitting welcome.

LACROSSE.—South Manchester has been beaten by Rusholme, but West Manchester has succumbed to Sale and Aston.—The regular season in the South of England commenced with a match between London and Clapton, the former winning by two games to one.—The fourth match between the players of the North and South of England took place on Saturday on the Liverpool College ground at Fairfield, near Liverpool, before only a moderate attendance of spectators—between 200 and 300. The North had previously won nine games, and one had been drawn, but the South on the present occasion could not avail themselves of their best men, whilst the North were made up of Nottingham, Lancashire, and Cheshire men. The North won, after a one-sided game, by nine goals to two.

SHOOTING.—Sportsmen who only get an occasional few days with their guns may be reminded that the reduction is now made in the charge for licenses to kill game for the remainder of the season from 3/- to 2/-. Certificates to kill game for a continuous period of fourteen days are granted at a charge of 1/- for the specified time. Ten-shilling gun licences taken out since August 1st last will remain in force until July 31st, 1885. The accounts from the chief Scotch deer forests and the exploits of their proprietors for the season are now pretty well made up, and read as follows:—Mr. Winans, 151

stags; Sir Edward Scott, 137; Lord Wimborne, 70; Mr. Bradley-Martin, 75; Sir Henry Meux, over 80; and Mr. Thistlethwayte a similar number. The Duke of Athole has killed between 60 and 70, Sir Robert Harvey 62, Mr. Loder 65, Sir Curtis Lampson over 50, and Sir Henry Allsopp over 100.

HUNTING.—The regular fox-hunting season has commenced in weather more like that of September than November, which is doing its best to remove the stigma of being "dark and dreary." But the ground is so dry and hard in some districts, notably in the Vale of Belvoir, that some packs have deferred the opening day—a fact perhaps without precedent in the modern annals of the chase. Her Majesty's staghounds, "as per usual," had their first regular meet at historic Salthill, and the usual mob of pedestrians and carriages assisted. The quarry, after getting clear, led the field a merry chase, being eventually taken near Amersham, just twenty-five miles from the kennels at Ascot.—Turning from tame to wild deer hunting, it may be noted that down Devon and Somerset way the stags are now suffered to rest for the season, and hind-hunting has begun.

RURAL NOTES

PASTURE is steadily extending, but the returns just published do not show that the rapidity of the conversion of arable is quite so great as has often been imagined. It is true that the area of permanent pasture has increased from 11,234,000 acres in 1879 to 12,198,000 acres in 1884, making 964,000 acres increase on five years. It is also true that the increase of absolute cultivated area being allowed at 1.38 per cent. for the five years, 7.20 per cent. over and above this increase has to be allowed for, as the victory of pasture over competing forms of agriculture. Still, the rate of increase per year seems to be diminishing. It was 2.02 per cent. in 1878, and it is now 1.57 per cent. The present tendency, if unchecked, must, of course, end in all England becoming pasture.

THE EASTERN COUNTIES.—It must be regarded as a decided curiosity that the above increase in pasture is not occurring in the Eastern Counties, where it might have been expected that repeated heavy losses on corn-growing would have driven hundreds of farmers back on grass. On the contrary, pasture increase is apparently general except in the Eastern Counties, in which permanent pasture between 1879 and 1884 has actually decreased from 1,315,000 acres to 1,305,000 acres. There has been an increase of the pasture since 1882, the decline having amounted to over 100,000 acres between 1879 and 1881.

SCOTLAND.—Winter has now come down on the moors where sport and pleasure so recently reigned. The hardier stock alone are out now, and even the mountain herds and flocks needed all their wonderful strength of constitution to bear the storm of hail and bits of ice which on the 26th, 27th, and 28th October—it is said in Scotland always to rain on St. Simon and St. Jude's Day—swept over all the uplands, and did much damage in the lowlands as well. The farmer during the past month has threshed a fair proportion of his wheat, and it is decidedly over an average crop, besides being of fine quality. His northern fields got all the benefit of the glorious August and early September weather. The average yield is reckoned to be exceeded by about a couple of bushels; but even then farmers say they are only making six pounds per acre, whereas quite seven is spent, and "they have to live besides." The potato crop happily turns out a good one, with very little disease, but prices are miserably low. Dealers will not give 2/- the ton in many cases. The store cattle trade has been very dull, and prices are reckoned per animal from 2/- to 5/- lower from last year.

DR. VOELCKER ON ENSILAGE.—Speaking on this subject at Maidstone last week, this eminent analyst recommended ensilage as a very valuable fattening and milk-producing food. By a mixture of ensilage with decorticated cotton cake and similar foods, a good, useful, and unobjectionable fodder might be produced both for fattening and for feeding purposes. Ensilage is a good food if made with due care from good material cut at the right time, and with the air completely excluded from it during the process of fermentation. It is a useful food for cattle when mixed with chaff, cake, meal, or similar dry food. It affords a means for the profitable employment of aftermath. In its use it must be regarded rather as a substitute for roots than for hay, but with respect even to the latter, ensilage is the desirable alternative when grass in wet seasons cannot be made into good hay.

APPLE-GROWING is stated not to be paying in Somersetshire, one of the most famous of the "orchard counties" of England. The best store apples are being delivered to buyers at 4s. the cwt., and cider fruit at 1s. the cwt. The retail price of ordinary good apples in London and other big towns is seldom less than 3d. per lb., and the "medium wholesale price," if such a term may be coined, is about 25s. per cwt. There seems to be a considerable margin between producer and purchaser in this case. Who gets the guinea profit on each cwt. sold? A correspondent tells us that the price of fair dessert apples in his part of Somersetshire is about 7s. per cwt. wholesale, and he alleges his ability to grow and sell at this rate, pay his rent, and pocket a profit sufficient to make the enterprise worth his while. He adds, "It is only ill-assorted, ill-looking, prematurely-gathered fruit of no character that is a bad sale, even in the present year." Other advices do not agree with this; but conceding this point, we would ask are ordinary apples fit for making a good, wholesome, nutritive drink like cider only worth 1s. per cwt. to the country and to the consumer?

LEGAL

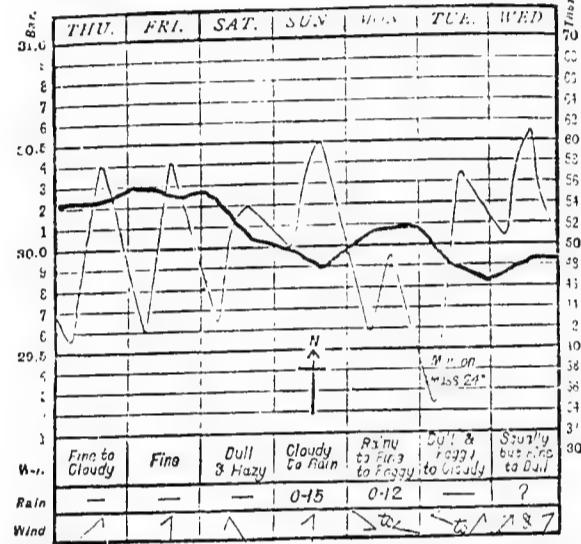
FREDERICK J. ALLEN, a clerk in the office of the *Freeman's Journal*, has been arrested and examined in Dublin on a charge of treason-felony, the disclosures already made in connection with it pointing both to the active survival of the Fenian organisation, and to the participation in it of men of higher social position than of yore. Letters and other documents were found in the possession of the prisoner, showing the Fenian organisation to be extensively ramified and on the alert in Ireland, and to be vigorously directed from its head-quarters in Paris.

THE CASE of the captain and mate of the *Mignonette*, which has excited so general and painful an interest, came before the Grand Jury at the Exeter Assizes on Tuesday, and the presiding Judge, Baron Huddleston, treated it very elaborately. Every one, the Judge said, acquainted with the story must feel the deepest compassion for the unhappy men placed in their frightful position when the boy was killed. Yet, as acknowledged by them, theirs was, according to the law of England, an act of deliberate homicide, neither justifiable nor excusable, and therefore murder. He intimated, therefore, that if the jury found a true bill for murder, he would take care to have the matter carefully argued, so that the prisoners might have any benefit derivable from an assertion of *Puffendorff*, and a statement in the American reports that in cases somewhat, but not in every essential particular, resembling that of the *Mignonette*, homicide had been held to be justifiable. If this did not avail them, the Judge added in significant language that they would be enabled, under the peculiar circumstances of this melancholy case, to appeal to the mercy of the Crown.

THE MAY BE something peculiar in the social conditions of Flint, but certainly the Sunday Closing Act in Wales has apparently failed to produce in that little town the effect for which it was passed. A sergeant of police stated to the Flint magistrates this week that there were now quite a hundred cases of drunkenness in Flint on Sunday to one before the passing of the Act, the illicit drinking and the drinking at home being "something fearful."

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM OCTOBER 30 TO NOVEMBER 5 (INCLUSIVE).

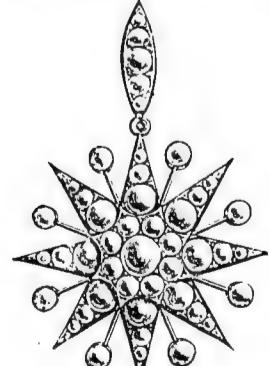


EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the past week rough, unsettled, and showery weather has been experienced over the greater part of the United Kingdom. At the commencement of the period some large depressions skirted our extreme northern coasts in a north-easterly direction, causing severe gales in the southward at the more northern stations, and strong winds, with unsettled weather, at all but the extreme south-easterly parts of the country. In the mean time an area of high pressure lay over France and Germany, bringing southerly breezes and tolerably fine weather over the south-eastern parts of England. After some shallow depressions had appeared over various parts of the country on Sunday (2nd inst.), accompanied by north-westerly winds and cold rain in the west and north-west, the barometer rose generally, and by Monday morning (3rd inst.) the centre of a high pressure area lay near the mouth of the Channel. Rain continued to fall at a few places, but the weather on the whole was fine generally. In the course of Monday (3rd inst.), however, the barometer began to fall quickly in the west, and by 8 A.M. on Tuesday (4th inst.) a deep depression was found off the north-west coast of Ireland, while the tail of the mercury had spread all over the country. This disturbance moved along our extreme north-western coasts in a north-north-easterly direction, and at our western and northern stations was attended by strong southerly gales and somewhat heavy rain. In the extreme south-east, however, the winds were not so strong nor the rainfall heavy, the weather on the whole being very fair. Temperature has been above the average. The barometer was highest (102.2 inches) on Friday (1st ult.); lowest (27.33 inches) on Tuesday (4th inst.); rain 26.1 inches. Temperature was highest (61°) on Wednesday (3rd inst.); lowest (51°) on Tuesday (4th inst.); range, 10°. Rain fell on two days. Total fall, 0.75 inches. Greatest amount on any one day, 0.15 inches on Sunday (2nd inst.).

THE OCEAN STEAM YACHTING COMPANY propose to despatch their steam yacht *Ceylon* for a cruise of sixty-five days to the West Indies, in December next.

THE MANUFACTURING GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY. SHOW ROOMS, 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

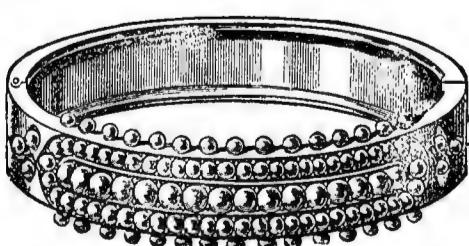


Diamond Half Hoop Ring.

Fine Pearl Star Pendant, to form Brooch, £10.
in Best Morocco Case, £2 os. od.

Fine Pearl and Gold Initial Brooch,
in Best Morocco Case, £2 os. od.

The Stock of RINGS, BROOCHES, BRACELETS, NECKLACES, EARRINGS, SPRAYS, STARS, &c., is the Largest and Choicest in London, and contains New and Artistic Designs not to be obtained elsewhere, an inspection of which is politely invited. Plain Figures, Cash Prices.

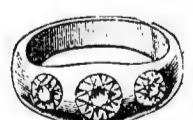


Fine Pearl and Gold Bracelet, in Best Morocco Case, £2 os. od.

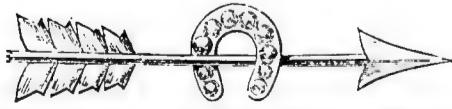
GOODS FORWARDED FOR SELECTION AND COMPETITION.

AWARDED SIX FIRST-CLASS MEDALS and the CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR, the Highest Award conferred on any Firm.

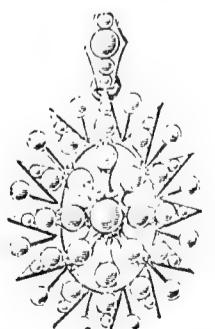
FACTORY: CLERKENWELL



Diamond Gipsy Ring.



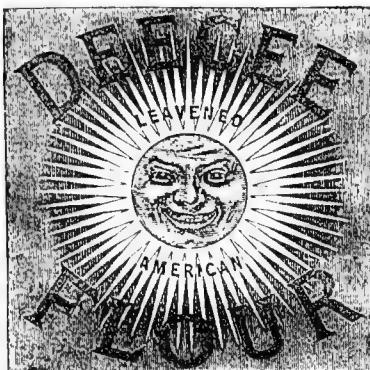
Fine Pearl and Gold Horse Shoe Brooch, in Best Morocco Case, £1 15s.



Fine Pearl Gold Pendant, to form Brooch, £8 15s.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

FOR DELICIOUS BREAD which any one can make without trouble.
FOR THE FINEST PASTRY, CAKE, PIES, &c. With addition of Cold Water only. In price not equal to ordinary flour. In quality and certainty of results beyond comparison.



THE FINEST NEW PROCESS FLOUR A Veritable Boon to Housekeepers. ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Its self-raising and other qualities render it a perfect article for every kitchen. In 5 lb. Packets at rs. of Grocers, &c.
Sale Consignment: DAVID CHALLIN, London, N.

ALLEN & HANBURY'S PERFECTED COD LIVER OIL.

"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be."—*Lancet*. "Almost the delicacy of salad oil."—*British Medical Journal*. "No nauseous eruptions follow after it is swallowed."—*Medical Press*.

ALLEN and HANBURY'S MALT EXTRACT forms a valuable adjunct to Cod Liver Oil, being not only a highly concentrated and nutritious food, but a powerful aid to the digestion of all starchy and farinaceous matters, rendering them easy of assimilation by the most enfeebled invalids. It is thus utilised in the manufacture of ALLEN and HANBURY'S Malted Farinaceous Food for Infants. Both it and the Food can be obtained through any Chemist. The Malt, in Bottles, as, and 3s. 6d.; the Food, in Tins, at 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s.

"The most noted firm of ladies' tailors in the world; and (be it said) the most original."—Extract "Court Journal."



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TRAVELLING and YACHTING GOWNS.

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"THE ELECTRIC PATENT SOCKS."

For creating a constant Electric current and producing a high degree of warmth.

AN ABSOLUTE AND

Testimonials.

From Miss ELIAS, Thorne's Hall, Sedbergh, Yorks, October 13th, 1882.

Miss Elias encloses a Post Office Order for £1. 6s., and will thank Mr. Harness to send her a pair of the Electric Socks for a friend, Mrs. No. 2. Since Miss Elias has been wearing the socks, she finds he feet are wonderfully warm and comfortable. She had previously suffered much from cold feet.

From T. L. SELLING, Esq., Hotel Rose, Liverpool, Sept. 1st, 1882.

I have had one of your Electric Socks, and a pair of Electric Socks, which I have experienced a very great

The socks are simply put inside the shoes or boots, and after wearing them a short time a constant and most beneficial warmth penetrates the body.

These ELECTRIC SOCKS prove the best means for keeping the feet warm, for creating bodily comfort, and preventing rheumatism.

The ELECTRIC SOCKS produce a current acting congenitally on the body, and is far superior to the prickling and disagreeable influence of an induction coil. Against spinal pains, the first symptoms of which are numbness of the feet and prickling sensation (so-called "Pins and Needles"), they act very effectively, the electric current influencing the nerves through the peripheral ends of the nerves.

ELECTRIC SOCKS should be worn by those who have Rheumatic or Gouty Affections in the feet, or are liable to coldness or chilblains in those parts. The circulation is thus stimulated, and an agreeable warmth diffused. The heat of the body causes Thermo-Electricity, the perspiration of the body evolves a galvanic current, and the Electric

current stimulates the nerves, always in force.

IMPORTANCE OF WEARING ELECTRIC SOCKS.—Few are conscious of the very great advantage of wearing under the feet a medium that will not only prevent the abstraction of electricity by cold earth, but will at the same time generate in the feet those electric currents on which warmth depends.

Please forward Exact Size of Feet when ordering these Socks. All Chemists keep the Electric Patent Socks.

Beware of the rubbushy, so-called magnetic socks that are sometimes stocked by Chemists on account of their low price—they cannot generate Electricity and are dear at any price. The Electric Patent Socks are only sold in BOXES.

Pair of Socks forwarded post free, on receipt of Post Office Order or Cheque for £2s. 6d., to be made payable to C. R. HARNESS, Managing Director, PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION, LTD., 21, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

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A JOURNEY THROUGH CENTRAL ASIA:

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IN FOUR PARTS.—PART II.: KULDJA.

BY THE REV. HENRY LANSDELL, D.D., M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.

FOR MANY AGES the Valley of the Ili was jealously guarded by the Chinese, until annexed by the Russians in 1871. The curtain was then lifted, and we were made acquainted with much that was previously unknown to science; but the province has now been given back to China, and Chinese exclusiveness once more reigns supreme. During the period of the Russian occupation Kuldja was visited by only two Englishmen before me, one of whom was the late Mr. Ashton Dilke, M.P., and the other Mr. Delmar Morgan, to whom I am indebted for some of the photographs wherewith these supplements are illustrated.

The Kuldja province occupied an area of 25,000 square miles, bisected by the River Ili. The river valley is in the shape of a triangle, the base being open to the steppe, and its northern and southern boundaries formed by lofty mountains. The approach thereto from the post road branches off at Altyn Immel, from which station the road gradually ascends to a gorge known as the Vakshi-Altyn Immel pass. The length of the gorge is four miles, and the road passes through clefts in the overhanging rocks. The top of the pass presents a very fine view of distant snow peaks and of bare rocky mountains near at hand, after catching sight of which the traveller descends by a rapid and almost dangerous slope into a stony level plain. On reaching the first station we had descended from 5,500 feet to 3,000, and found a poor picket station, where we were told that horses were in the field or, better said, in the wilderness, and the time it took to catch them made us resolve to send forward an estafette to announce our coming, and so in future to prevent delay. By tea-time we had reached Konur Ulen, and met in the station an invalid telegraphist, who had just arrived to live a month in a Kirghese tent, and to drink *kumiss*. He had brought with him the fruits of the land, and gave us a melon, which added a relish to our meal, coming, as we did, from the fruitless steppe. Tea over, we watched a Kirghese woman putting up his tent, the hire of which for a month was to cost 12s.; and whilst we were thus doing, the postmaster, entering my name and podorozhne in his book, read the words:—"The English pastor, Henry

master seemed to anticipate to be of exalted rank, since such kind attention was being shown me by the authorities. From Koibyn we proceeded up a mountain gorge, and by dawn came within sight of Vyselok Borokhudzir.

For some years previous to the Russian occupation of Kuldja, Borokhudzir was the Russian outpost in this direction, and during the Dungan insurrection a corps was stationed here to prevent infringements of the boundary. Here, too, were stored up, after the seizure of Kuldja, the arms taken from the Dungans and Taranchis. After the annexation of Kuldja, the force stationed here (in 1877) consisted of 103 men and two guns, but at the time of my visit I

others have become Christians and settled at Sarkansk. The place, however, is likely to regain importance from the Taranchi and Dungan emigrants who have settled there since my visit in order to be under Russian government in preference to staying in Kuldja under the Chinese. By breakfast time we reached Akkend, where a comfortable Chinese house had been converted into a Russian post-station. The station is in the midst of a once flourishing, but now ruined, Chinese town, the one semblance of commerce that we could discern being two or three stalls for the sale of melons and vegetables. We speedily purchased some of the former, and proceeded on our way, now meeting clumsy Chinese carts, passing here and there a field under cultivation. On reaching the River Khorgos, which is the exact boundary of the Russian and Chinese Empires, we found encamped a number of Cossacks, who bought some of my books, and then proceeded to help us to cross the stream. In spring this is sometimes impossible for weeks. On the present occasion a mounted Cossack preceded us to find the shallow parts of the bed, whilst another rode by the side of the tarantass with a cord attached to prevent us from toppling over.

On emerging safely from the river, we passed ere long the walls of Tchimpantzi, once a flourishing industrial and commercial centre with fifty thousand inhabitants, but where not a single house had been left standing. Formerly the town was surrounded with irrigated fields; but, since they had been visited with the curse of civil war, the land has reverted to a barren steppe.

On arriving at Alimptu there were no post-horses, and when we asked the Cossacks whether they could not take us forward, they graciously consented, but asked four times the normal fare! In the station yard was a stone lion with curly mane, similar to those placed by the Chinese at the doors of their temples or great houses, the lion being usually represented in a sitting posture, with the right paw on a ball of stone.

All the morning, as we had driven along through ruined towns and desolate fields, we enjoyed by contrast a strangely beautiful view of the distant mountains, their bases being hidden by mist,



TRAVELLERS' ENCAMPMENT ON THE ROAD TO KULDJA

am under the impression there were more, in prospect of Kuldja being ceded to the Chinese, and Borokhudzir becoming again the frontier post.

From Borokhudzir we drove out by the wide street fringed with canals and willows very early in the morning; and, having crossed the river that gives its name to the village, we entered a vastly improved region, where on either hand there met us tokens of culture in the form of well-arranged canals, but all in ruins, and the land overgrown with weeds. The road entered the remains of a con-



DUNGAN MOSQUE AND MARKET-PLACE AT KULDJA

Lansdell, Doctor Bogoslovia," literally "Doctor of the Word of God, or Divinity. The "Bogoslovia" probably puzzled the postmaster, for he was a Tatar, but thinking that doctor had something to do with medicine, he came to show his tongue covered with sores, and infected, Mr. Sevier feared, with cancer.

On arriving at Koibyn, we found that we had sent forward an estafette to some purpose, for Mr. Sevier, on springing out of the carriage and asking for horses, was told that he could not have them, for they were being kept for a "General;" the "General" proving to be none other than my humble self, whom the post-

siderable forest of prickly shrubs, pines, willows, and karagach trees, said to have extended in former times as a cultivated forest nearly all the way to Kuldja. Chinese settlements were scattered throughout, and the ruins of them are still visible; but the trees, no longer cared for or irrigated, are fast dying out. Nine miles from Borokhudzir we crossed the River Usek, on the banks of which are the ruins of Jarkend. The remnant of a people called Solons live near in scattered mud houses in winter, and in summer they pitch their tents on the river banks; but they are few in number, some having removed to the neighbourhood of Chuguchak, whilst

while their snowy peaks seemed to float on the bosom of the clouds. This was especially the case with those on the right, and those on the left of their summits were also sprinkled with snow. These mountains of the Ili Valley possess numerous minerals, but it is doubtful whether any, except perhaps coal, are valuable. Gold is found only in the right affluents of the Ili, which take their rise in the syenitic granite spurs of the Borokhoro range.

In native mining the Chinese labourers worked in companies of eight on co-operative principles, or Kalmucks in gangs of twelve, hired by Dungan or Taranchi capitalists. They sought a spot when

possible on the side of a hill, where they could sink a vertical shaft about 300 feet deep, and at the same time advance by an inclined way, the former serving to raise the coal and the other as a means of communication. One coalmaster stated that the sinking a vertical shaft 300 feet, and making an inclined adit 400 feet long, cost him about 80*l.*, the labour employed being twelve Kalmucks during the winters of two and a half years, at wages of "a penny a day," or 2*s.* each per annum; and food costing half this sum. For extracting coal he hired twenty labourers on the same terms, who raised about eight tons a day, procuring 1,300 tons in 160 working

three long plaits, and both blacken their eyebrows, but do not paint. The women wear rings (*unicha*) in the ears and upon the thumb, whilst the men thus adorn the third, or ring finger. Most of the Taranchis speak Chinese, but their own tongue is Eastern Turki.

We arrived at Kuldja on Saturday morning to find that most of the persons to whom we had introductions were away. The Governor-General Friede was busy at the frontier, the line of which was being then settled. Another, the Commander of the Chinese forces, to whom we had a letter from the Chinese Legation in London, was not in Kuldja, nor was the Chinese Governor-General, who lived it appeared in Suidun which we had passed, so that we should have to seek him on our way back. The next on our list was Mr. Paderin, the Russian Consul, at whose house we were hospitably entertained by his secretary, though the Consul was likewise absent at the frontier.

We speedily went out to visit the town, preferring on this occasion our own tarantass to native cabs, some of which, plying between certain towns in the Ili Valley, might by compliment be called by the name of "diligence." We were compelled on one occasion to use one, the most uncomfortable conveyance of its kind without exception I ever entered: a two-wheeled car without springs, and having an awning against which one's head was constantly in danger of hitting.

Old or Taranchi Kuldja was founded about a century ago, and is a rectangular town, with clay walls 30 feet high, sufficiently thick for two carriages to pass each other on the top, and measuring four miles in circumference, the work, it is said, of 2,000 Kalmucks driven to the task by the Taranchis. Two large streets crossing each other divide the town into quarters, and these are subdivided into smaller streets and alleys. There are in Kuldja at least three bazaars frequented by the Taranchis, Chinese, and Sarts, the first being noticeable for its abundance of vegetables and fruit. Local produce we found exceedingly cheap, but imported goods are dear. Even Russian family tea cost from 2*s.* to 6*s.* per lb. At ordinary times the price of wheat and rice per cwt. is half-a-crown; barley, peas, and millet, 1*s.*; chaff 4*d.*, and clover 3*d.* Mutton and beef cost from ½*d.* to 2*d.* per lb.; butter, 8*d.*, and tallow candles 4*d.* Russian chintz sells at 7*d.* a yard, and ticking and calico at 1*d.*; fans from 1*s.* to 10*s.* each; boots from 2*s.* to 20*s.* per pair. A cow costs from 30*s.* to 50*s.*, a horse from 2*d.* to 6*d.*, a sheep 6*s.*, and an ox from 50*s.* to 4*d.* Kiln-burnt bricks 4*s.* per thousand, but sun-dried bricks 10*s.* a thousand. I also secured some Taranchi rings and representative jewellery, and we then went to the Chinese bazaar, where among the curious things exposed for sale were ready-made coffins, "painted and all complete" for 4*d.* In the Chinese bazaar there is ceaseless movement, bustle, and noise. The vendors of wares scream out to the purchasers. Crowds of children, some half naked, and some wholly

so, chase one another about, and move continually to and fro. On leaving the bazaars we were anxious if possible to get a peep at the Torgout Kalmucks. These people were at one time the independent possessors of the Ili Valley, their kingdom being known as that of Zungaria.

In 1876 they numbered 9,600 males and 6,400 females. On reaching a Kalmuck tent outside the town, we found the owner absent, though his wife was at home with some small, but by no means bashful children. We looked round for ethnographical objects. There was a leather kumiss bottle; but this woman, in the absence of her lord and master, would not sell. She had in her ears, however, silver rings with stones; and as she confided to us that she was fifty-seven years old, and had received them on her marriage, I perceived these could be of no Russian manufacture, but representative of Kalmuck art half a century ago. I therefore pressed her to sell me one, which she did, and it is now in the Ethnographical Department of the British Museum.

Somewhat akin to the Kalmucks are the military Solons and Sibos, who were brought to the Ili Valley as colonists from Eastern Manchuria. I remember hearing, if not seeing, something of a Tunguse tribe called Solons when on the Amur in 1879; and as Dr. Schuyler says the Sibos speak a Tunguse dialect similar to the Manchu, I presume they come from about the same locality. The colonists were divided into fourteen banners or *sumuls*, afterwards increased to sixteen, the Solons being settled on the right bank of the Ili and the Sibos on the left. We passed through the Solon district between Ak-kend and Borokhudzir; but

their numbers were so reduced that only 800 were left in 1877, and these, by the immoderate use of opium, appear to be doing their best to make themselves disappear.

I had been recommended to visit a Sibo town, or encampment, and one of the first things we did on arriving at Kuldja was to make ready for this journey, which involved the crossing of the Ili.

Usually there are three ferry boats, owned by a Russian merchant,

and at the time we crossed there were large numbers of canoes waiting to do the same. They were accordingly tied by the head to the ferry and made to swim after it, the barge being filled with vehicles and passengers. Having landed safely on the opposite side, we drove across the low, flat country almost without roads, sometimes through ditches, and sometimes over crazy bridges, till we held us in doubt whether or not we should be let into the stream below. At length we arrived at the second of the eight *sumuls*, a rectangular walled town, with a chamber over the gate. In this room were some idols brought there from a temple that had been destroyed. We drove through a long and fairly wide, though dirty street, to a building that corresponded to a town hall or a house of public business, the walls of which were written over in Chinese characters. We were next taken to a "fanza," or hotel, I supposed of a dignitary. The principal room was spacious and clean, but the furniture and ornamentation were principally done up to the western side, where was the representation of a tiger and the paraphernalia of a Buddhist altar, on which were placed the *panopoles*, or household gods. I should like to have purchased one of these *bukhans*, or idols, but they would not sell them; indeed, I think the proprietor was not there. I had taken some Chinese



A CHINESE HOUSE AND DUNGAN DILIGENCE

days. Deducting, in addition, cost of mining apparatus and one-third of the produce for tax to the Khan, selling the remainder at three-farthings per cwt., brought the coalmaster about 10 per cent. upon his capital laid out. The miners' wages in Kuldja would not delight the heart of a Cornishman, for they are often paid in the form of old clothes, and if the results of their work supply the miners with the barest necessities they are content.

The station at Chinchakhodzi we found in the midst of an excellent garden, with numbers of standard peach trees and a bower of vines with grapes beginning to turn colour. Here was another fair sister and daughter of Russia, whose mother the post-mistress told us that it was her son and daughter whom we had seen at the previous station, and she further informed her guests with some satisfaction that she had another son a postmaster, and a third who

held the appointment of Russian and Chinese interpreter to General Friede, Governor of Kuldja. But though the happy mother of five thriving sons and daughters, the good woman had a "skeleton in her cupboard," even in the Ili Valley, for she had also a child idiotic; and reading "Doctor," on my podorojna, she supposed I might be a physician passing by, and brought her boy of eight, saying that he had never spoken since he was three years old, that he had fits, was never still, and seemed like one possessed. Sevier, for some reason, could not

dispense for her satisfactorily out of our medicine chest, but promised to bring on our return some iodide of potassium, and gave hope to his mother that the child might outgrow his malady.

Chinchakhodzi is inhabited by Dungans, and being a Mussulman town escaped the general destruction. It is surrounded by a wall, and wears an aspect decidedly Chinese, as did the maize and harvest fields we next passed through. Our next station to Chin-chakhodzi was Suidun, on approaching which we saw the Cossacks practising, and on coming nearer found the Chinese strengthening the walls of the town. We did not stay at Suidun, though it was late in the evening, but posted on past the ruined Baiandai, formerly a town of nearly 150,000 inhabitants, and at midnight we arrived at Kuldja.

We had now travelled from Omsk a distance of 1,800 miles in a fortnight, having our clothes off to sleep only the two nights at Semipolatinsk. There are no hotels at Kuldja, and as it was too late to present letters of introduction, I was glad enough to throw myself on the bench in the dirty post-house, and there to sleep till morning.

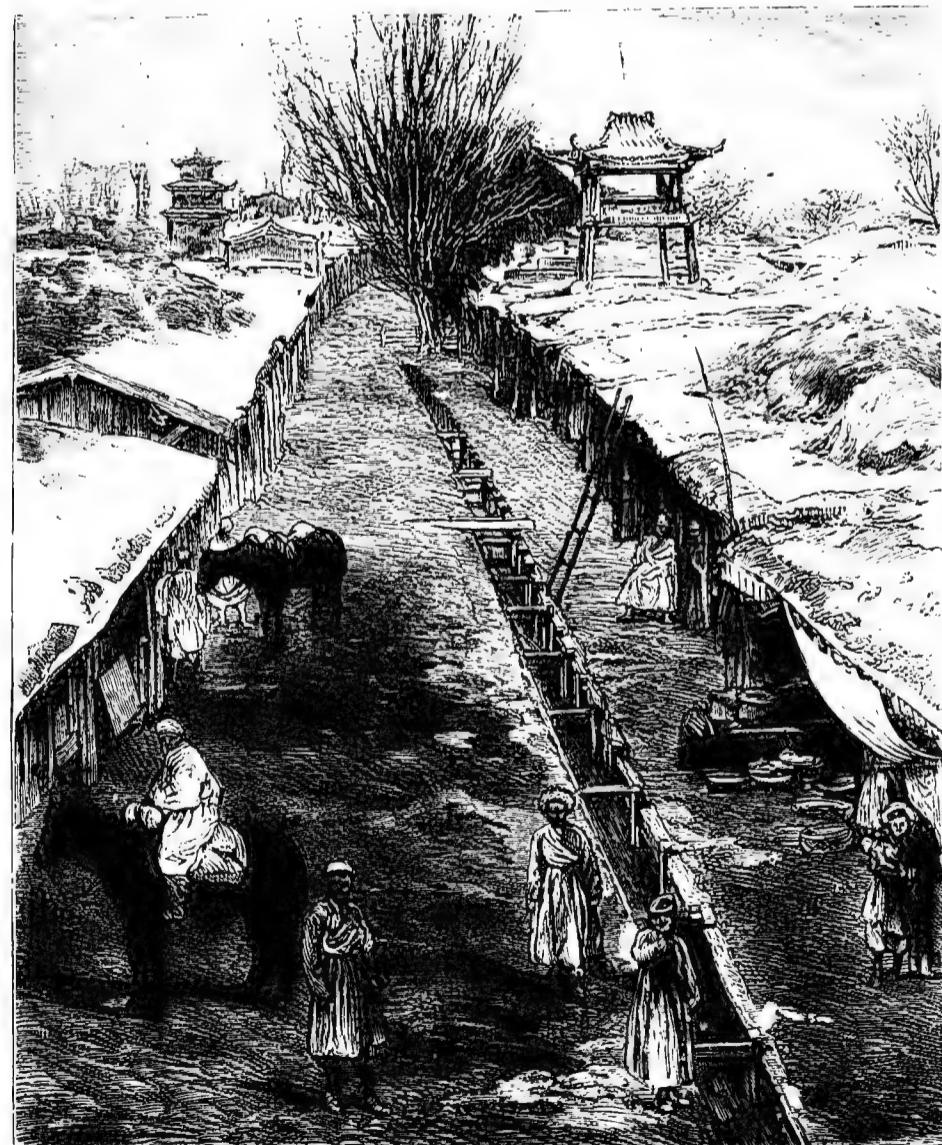
One of the first things that strikes a visitor on entering Kuldja is the varied number of specimens of the Asiatic races. Here meet the settled Mussulman Taranchi and Dungan, with the Buddhist Sibo, Manchu, and Chinese, as well as the nomad Muhammadan Kirghese and the Lamaist Kalmuck.

This variety of races and religions cannot but be interesting to the ethnologist and ethnographer. The most numerous of the populations are the Taranchis, a Turkish race who formerly lived in Kashgaria, and who after rebellion in 1756 were transported by the Chinese rulers to the Ili Valley. They occupy the valley north and south of the river from the confluence of the Kungess and Tekess to Kuldja in about a dozen villages, and in 1877 numbered 28,000 males and 24,000 females, or about 40 per cent. of the population of the province. The Taranchis call themselves Sarts, but to the Chinese they became known by their present name from their occupation as agriculturists, or millet-sowers, from *taran*, meaning "millet," or, according to some, "a ploughed field." Their dress consists of a full shirt, drawers of leather or cotton, and a khalat with a shab added in winter. Except the mullahs, the men do not wear turbans, but fur caps, whilst women and girls adorn their heads with stiff, low, gaudy, cylindrical hats, with conical tops. We saw ordinary specimens displayed in large numbers up to 20*s.* each, but wives of sultans have their caps adorned with jewels sometimes to the value of 100*l.* A pair of Kashgar lady's boots (*makhsa*) I bought are about ten inches high, of red shiny leather gorgeously embroidered and fitting close, but without a second sole or heel. Now and then one sees among the women a pleasant face, though they are all brunettes, being accustomed from childhood to work in the fields, a striking contrast to their Western sisters, who remain shut up in the house. The males shave their heads. One of our curious sights in the bazaar was a baby boy squalling under this operation. Married women braid their hair in two, maidens in



MINARET OF TARANCHI MOSQUE

and Mongol Scriptures, but they could read neither one nor the other. They said, however, that men of the sixth *suwun* could read, and that books should be sent to them through the Russian Consul. We then went into other houses looking for curiosities, when my eye fell upon a man's belt, with a clasp fastening with a hook-and-eye cut in jade. There was also suspended from the belt of the same material a carved lotus, or sacred flower of the Buddhists. I bought the whole, and it is now in the British Museum.



THE TARANCHI BAZAAR AT KULDJA

Museum. We inquired likewise if any in the town were sick, and were taken to a miserable hovel, little better than a shed, where were an old and a young man ill, for whom Mr. Sevier prescribed.

The people seemed pleased to see us, only that our interpreter did not speak their dialect particularly well, and as our ideas passed successively and conversely through English, Russian, and Chinese.

Nov. 3, 1884
not to add Sibo, it may be supposed that we spoke with difficulty. Just as we had finished our tea four mounted Cossacks came to the place saying that the Commandant, having heard of our intended visit to the encampment, though he did not apprehend our being harmed, yet thought it better to send us a guard, and they had arrived at the Ili just after we had crossed, and so failed to catch us up, but that they were now ready to escort us back when we pleased. We therefore started speedily, for evening was drawing on, and we did not reach the Ili till dusk. The embarkation from the bank was more difficult than it had been from the other, and there was much ado to get the Cossack horses on board, for they had to walk into shallow water, and then jump over the side of the barge. One little horse at a word from his rider sprang over the gunwale with the agility of a cat, but the others had to scramble up in a fashion that I should think only Cossack horses would do.

It was dark before we reached the Consulate, but we had spent an enjoyable day, and were quite ready to turn into beds, which had not been vouchsafed to us for a fortnight.

There is but one Russian church in Kuldja, and to that we went on Sunday, in the outskirts of the town. Strange to say, this Russian church departed from the usual form, and was modified to look a little like the exterior of a Chinese pagoda. The choristers were soldiers, as also those attending on the priest, and the full congregation appeared to comprise the *élite* of the Kuldja world. It is strange that the Hindoos who penetrate throughout Turkestan as money-lenders do not appear to have reached Kuldja, so that we had no Hindoo temple to visit, but there were two other religious buildings, one a Dungan mosque, near the Chinese bazaar, with a tall, handsome minaret, and the other was the Taranchi Jumma (or Friday) Mosque in the citadel. The latter is the larger and older building, restored and ornamented under the last Taranchi sultan, Abil Ogu. Both of these principal mosques are handsomely built in Chinese style, with roofs turned up at the corners, and are the most remarkable buildings in the town. With regard to educational buildings, there was in 1873 a "Kuldja people's school," with 7 Russian, 1 Tartar, 1 Chinese, and 25 Taranchi pupils. There were likewise 13 Taranchi elementary, and 2 medresses, in which were educated 314 male and 140 female scholars. Also the Dungan school, with 20 boys and 9 girls; and 2 Chinese schools, with 20 boys. These last are intellectually the best, for whereas in the Muhammadan schools nothing is taught but the Koran and Shariat, the Chinese teach arts and an extensive literature.

We visited also the Buddhist temple, where, among other worshippers, are seen a few of the Kalmucks.

Had time permitted me it would have been very interesting to have gone to the Kalmuck camping grounds at the eastern end of the Ili valley. The most renowned of Russian travellers who has passed that way out of the valley into Mongolia is Colonel Prejevalsky. In 1876 he started from Kuldja, made his way along the Ili, and its upper arm the Kungess, until he reached its tributary the Tsagma. This brought him by the Narat pass to the Yulduz plateaux described by the

I saw at the Kuldja Consulate, as also at Tashkend, specimens of the skull and horns of this remarkable animal, which is bigger than a donkey. When Marco Polo, six centuries ago, told of the enormous sheep he had seen on the mountains his words were regarded as travellers' tales, but subsequent explorers have found the old man right, and the largest variety is now named after him—*Ovis Polii*. All round the neck the animal has a pure white mane, and the light grayish brown of the sides shades off into white towards the belly, the legs being brown. It inhabits high hilly plains, and runs with great speed. The Cossacks say that the wild sheep in jumping from one rock down to another fall on their horns, a statement hardly probable, though Dr. Severtsoff (to whom we are indebted for much information respecting these animals, and who shot one specimen, the head and horns of which weighed upwards of 70 lbs.), seems to think it just possible such a weight might cause the animal to lose its balance. There are various species of this wild mountain sheep, and Dr. Severtsoff gives an instance of the strength and tenacity of the *Ovis Karelinae*, the next largest to the *Ovis Polii*. In hunting an old male, it was hit by him, first of all between the hind legs, the pain of which hindered the animal from running, though even then two men had to follow it up for an hour. Two bullets had struck the horns, the animal each time falling to the ground, but within a minute rising again. Neither of the next two bullets sufficed to stop the creature, though one of them penetrated the liver and the other the lung; and it was only on receipt of the sixth bullet, that pierced the heart, that the sheep succumbed. Colonel Prejevalsky, on the Yulduz, saw herds of thirty or forty of the *Ovis Polii*, and gives the measurement of the horns of the old males in his collection at fifty-six inches, with a thickness of eighteen inches at the base, and their weight about 36 lbs.

It is interesting to compare these two animals already mentioned with other varieties found farther north, in Siberia; as also, the *Ovis montana* of North America. I have measured the horns and skull, weighing 32 lbs., of a very fine specimen in the collection of Mr. H. Seton-Karr, shot by him in the Rocky Mountains, and measuring in length of horn 38 in., with a circumference of 36 in. in

noblest animal of these latitudes—the maral. On the sands south of the Ili are innumerable herds of gazelles, and under the sands thousands of marmots. Among the birds of the Ili Valley may be mentioned geese, ducks, and cranes, bustards, grebe, snipes, plovers, eagles, and kites. The Ili and its affluents have but few kinds of fish, one species being the perch.

It was suggested that I might float from Kuldja westwards on this river. Below Kuldja the stream flows through a flat inhabited country, between open banks, with a wide and copious stream. The banks are marshy, and overgrown with reeds. These, when the river is full, are frequently submerged, and then there are no fords; but at other seasons there is a ford at Old Kuldja 2½ ft. deep, and another near the ruins of Chinese Kuldja 2 ft. deep. The river is frozen for about sixty days of the year—from the end of December to the end of February; but at other times timber is floated down from its upper to its central course. The stream, indeed, is called navigable from fifty miles above Kuldja to 400 below it, where its waters flow into the Balkhash.

When I was in the Ili Valley, the Russians had not succeeded in establishing steam communication on the river; but since my return I have heard from Mr. Gourlet that a "Mr. P—" an engineer, is sanguine of converting the Ili into a means of commercial communication between Kuldja and the Balkhash, and even through this lake, passing to the Irtysh beyond, and so on to Siberia and Russia.

We were invited on our last evening in Kuldja to visit Colonel Mayevski, who was living in a house that formerly belonged to a Taranchi bek. The house, I suppose, might be regarded as a specimen of a well-to-do native dwelling. Almost all the native houses are made of beaten clay, have thatched roofs, and are externally low, dark, and ugly. The courtyards are heaped up with impurities; and even the abodes of the well-to-do display an absence of ventilation and light; but we had no reason to complain of the latter, for it was dark before we reached the Colonel's dwelling. We looked over the house and perceived an attempt at ornamentation of the walls, and the room of our host was adorned with carpets and rugs. We received, moreover, a hearty welcome from the Colonel, who had great regard for the English, speaking of them as rivals in Asia, though not as foes. He allowed that our infantry were better than theirs; but thought the Russian cavalry better than the English. He spoke, too, regretfully of having to cede the province to the Chinese, for it made so excellent a frontier; and he alluded to the delicate position in which the Russians were placed with regard to the natives of Kuldja, who preferred their rule to that of their old masters, the Chinese.

The preference of Russian rule by the Muhammadan inhabitants, whatever may have been the case with the Buddhists, was, I believe, undoubtedly true, for when the Valley of the Borotal, which at first, under the Russians, formed the third portion of the Kuldja rayon, was relinquished to the Chinese, and when the rumour came that Kuldja was also to be ceded, the Dungans and the Taranchis came in crowds, in 1877, to the Russian officials, with memorials in hand, expressing their unanimous desire to remain under the Tsar. When,



SIBO MILITARY COLONISTS IN THE ILI VALLEY

the base, and from tip to tip in a straight line of 20 in. Another Russian traveller who has penetrated the Kalmuck camping-ground is Mr. Serge Alpheraky, who in 1879 followed Colonel Prejevalsky's track as far as the Yulduz plateau, principally with the object of



CHIEF TARANCHI MOSQUE AT KULDJA

Kalmucks as "an admirable, cool, and productive country, fit for gentlemen and cattle to inhabit." From this place Prejevalsky pushed his way to Lob Nor, but not before he had shot some fine

collecting butterflies, and whose collection during the season numbered 377 specimens of Kuldja fauna. Among the animals he notices are tigers, wild cats, foxes, and wolves. Also one meets with numerous wild boars, hares, roebucks, and now and then the

therefore, it was desired that Kuldja should be given up to the Chinese, these inhabitants were told that they might remain, or, if they preferred it, cross the border into Russian territory; and this at the time of my visit they were doing in large numbers. We

drove out of Kuldja soon after sunrise on the morning of September 5th, and passed through fields and gardens wherein they grow peas, yasmik, and Indian corn, also pumpkins, carrots, turnips, radishes, beet, cabbage, and garlic, but not potatoes, unless it be for Russian consumption. The cultivation of the poppy was authorised by the Russians, and in 1874 the value of the opium exported from the

within the Russians might well laugh, and say that a company of their Cossacks would send the whole lot of Chinese flying.

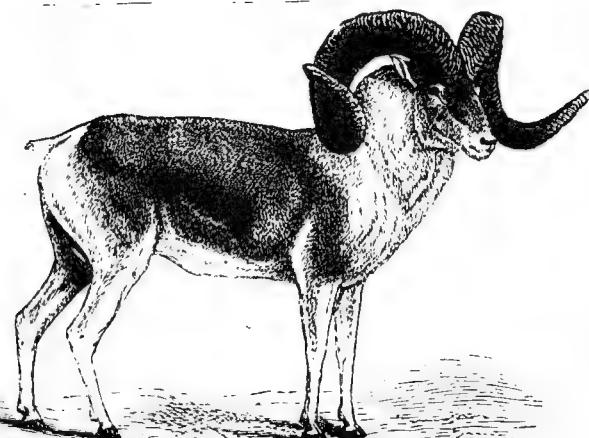
Whilst waiting I changed and adjusted my dress for the occasion, and, when all was ready, crossed a yard to enter a square court. At the opposite side to the entrance stood the great man to bid me welcome, whilst on the right and left of the square were men drawn up in martial array. The effect was meant, no doubt, to be imposing, and it certainly was curious. My host stood at his door awaiting my approach, saluted me by lifting up his hands in somewhat of a "lullaby-baby" fashion, and then took us within and invited us to be seated on two sides of a table about three feet square, whilst he occupied the third. Opposite the Tsin-Tsiang, on a table, was a Government seal of office wrapped in yellow material, together with a scroll containing his credentials. His officers, about twelve in number, with various orders and feathers, stood behind him perfectly silent, one of them fanning presumptuous flies from the grand man's head. On the table were plates with slices of apple, grapes, wafers, and some honied cakes made apparently of the seed from which oil had been pressed, and such as we saw and were not delighted with at the Kuldja oil factory. Our host then proceeded gravely to help us with his fingers, placing the eatables a little at a time on our plates, first wafers, then grapes, apples, and cake. At the same time there was brought for us to drink strong tea called red, but pale, and highly aromatic. Tea was put into each cup, water poured thereon, and covered with an inverted saucer, a little smaller than the rim of the cup, and consequently keeping in the steam. This was well enough, but now came a feat of manipulation: for the cup had no handle, but had to be held with the fingers, whilst the thumb was left free to tilt the saucer into the beverage in such a way as in drinking to hold back the floating leaves from entering the mouth. We succeeded pretty well, and I expressed admiration for his tea, which remark bore fruit, as will presently be seen.

He soon opened fire upon me by asking in a stereotyped manner who I was, and whence and how I had come. I at once showed him my map, and put to the test his "Chinese geography." He asked whether Turkey was north or south of England, and how far respectively from London were Paris, Berlin, and Constantinople. I invited him to ask further questions, whereupon he inquired what we ate daily in England. When my host had finished his queries, I began by asking if it were likely we should have the pleasure of seeing him in London. That depended, he said, entirely upon the Chinese Government as to whether they chose to send him; but he did not expect it. I assured him that we should have a great many strange things to show him, and inquired how soon he thought they would have railways in China. He thought "not at all," for that in one instance where they had laid down a line, they had after trial taken it up again!

This I thought was "progress" with a vengeance, and I expressed my surprise. Meanwhile, after drinking tea, His Excellency began to smoke a pipe, drawing the cloud through water placed at the

in Kuldja (under the Russians it is true) I saw men smoking opium publicly, and the necessaries for opium smoking appeared easily obtainable. I then offered him a Chinese Bible and a Mongolian and Buriat New Testament, which he accepted, after inquiring what they were.

After the gushing reception my Petersburg letters had written at the hands of the Russian Governors I had thought perhaps a good man would be at the pains to ask if he could do anything for



"OVIS POLII," OR TIAN-SHAN SHEEP



A SIBO WOMAN

Kuldja territory into the Chinese empire was 33,235. The poppy-fields extended from Suidun up the valley to the confluence of the Kash with the Ili. But I found the use of opium interdicted in Khokand, and was given as a curiosity one or two sticks of the drug which had been seized as contraband. In Kuldja opium seemed to be smoked with impunity. We were taken to call upon a Chinese official and commissariat officer, who received us sunlingly in his rather dirty house. I showed him my Chinese passport, and he said that it was well that I had it, as without it I might be liable to interruption. He was dressed in silks, and his manner was unusually gay for a Chinese. He now and then laughed right out, in rather a silly tone. My companions seemed to know what was the matter, and told me that if this man took only a little wine he very soon became intoxicated, but the cause of his present hilarity proceeded from opium smoking. On his divan stood an opium-lamp, lighted, so that our visit had disturbed him before he had reached the stage when his senses would be fled.

After a drive of some hours over a bad road from Kuldja we approached, before noon, the residence of the Chinese Governor-General, Tsin-Tsiang-tsion, at Suidun, which was more distinctly Chinese than Kuldja, for that was under the Russian authorities, but here the authority of the Tsin-Tsiang appeared to be established. In speaking of the "Chinese," it should be remembered that this term in the Ili Valley includes three classes of people, all differing in dialect, abilities, and character.

There are the Manchu, who hold official posts, and were formerly the representatives in the Ili Valley of the Celestial Empire. They wear dark blue coats, with other raiment of yellow and pink, or, as some prefer, black and blue. Next are the Khambi, who came about 3,000 strong from the South-Eastern Provinces of China, and were for the most part labourers and soldiers; and lastly the Tehimpanzi criminals, exiled from Southern China, who, after a term of hard labour, got their living as best they could, only that, in time of war, they had to serve in the infantry. All of these three classes were decimated in the rebellion, and a few only were left, and those more especially in Suidun, which was the only large town in the province that outlived the events of 1863-1866. Others had come after the promise of Kuldja being ceded, and more were expected in such numbers, that I heard of a Russian officer purchasing house property in Kuldja, with a view of selling it at a premium.

I had looked forward with some degree of curious interest to the presentation of my credentials from the Legation in London to the Chinese Governor at Suidun. According to my statistics for 1878, Suidun had 2,601 houses, with a population of 2,700 males and 2,500 females. Of these 4,300 were Dungans and 700 Chinese. Divided according to classes, there were eighteen clerics, ninety-five merchants, thirty-one mechanics, 4,400 farmers, and about 500 labourers; but these represent the town under Russian Government. There must since have been added several Chinese authorities. The Russian post-house is in the suburbs; and, not wishing to take up our heavy tarantass, we had driven into the town in another vehicle, and on reaching the principal street I sent my card to the Governor-General. We were asked to stay where we were, and, having done so for some minutes, the messenger came back to say that his Excellency was changing his robes, and had summoned his officers of State. We then went down a narrow street, and were shown into an entrance chamber with many attendants, the walls being hung with English and American muskets, rusty, old, and apparently unusable. Dr. Schuyler says the walls of Suidun were wide enough at the top to serve for a carriage-road, and as we approached the town they were increasing their thickness, but with such arms

me, or show me anything, especially as he said he had no official notice from London of my coming. But he seemed never to dream of such a thing, nor to get his official temperance freezing point; so that our conversation became somewhat general, especially as what I said in English had to be twice translated into Russian and Chinese or Manchu, and vice versa. It gave me however, for meditation between the questions, and presenty, finding he had nothing to propose for my pleasure or instruction, I asked whether I might go out and see the men building the fortress, or also visit the bazaar. The first of these trifling requests he refused, saying that there were workmen about, and disagreements might arise. He asked me, therefore, not to go, but said he would send some one with me to the bazaar. We then rose, after this long reception, and were dismissed with the same ceremony as we went in, and taken again to the ante-chamber. Here I offered some Scripture to the attendants, but they said they did not dare take them without permission.

One of the first things that attracted my attention in the bazaar was a street painter, whose pencil explained to me the want of perspective apparent in a certain class of Chinese painting, for the man

simply dipped the top of his finger in Indian ink and rubbed it round and round on the tablet till he made his picture, and only then touched it up with a brush, after seeing what I marvelled, not, as I had hitherto done, at the clumsiness of the production, but that in such a manner and so rapidly the artist should have been able to produce anything so good. I noticed in the stalls packets of English tea, and found a few curiosities to buy, and then, thinking that I should perhaps get on better alone in distributing my few remaining Scriptures, I intimated to my *chien-chou* that I need not trouble him further. But he said the Governor had told him not to leave me, so that he was probably my spy. I managed, however, to give a few Chinese and Mongolian gifts, and then prepared to return to the post-house, whence we were driving out of the town, when a Chinese officer and interpreter came dashed up to our carriage, one of them carrying two small canisters of tea, and saying that since I had admired the Governor's tea, he sent me two canisters for a present. I thanked him for his gift, but was at first inclined to look thereon as a "white elephant," for I hardly relished the trouble of carrying two canisters of tea a distance home of 5,000 miles. When I reached Vierry, however, I was told that this yellow tea was of so choice a kind that it is reserved in China for the Emperor and great personages; that now and then Chinese Generals sold it to Russian officers, and that its value was about £20 per lb. Whereupon I was reconciled to bringing it to England, but only to give to my friends in small quantities as a curiosity, for in poor taste is not sufficiently educated to Chinese to appreciate its super-excellence, and I must own that I prefer thereto tea of ordinary flavour.

After crossing the Khorgos, we came to Jarkend, which place has since become colonised by Dungans and Tarantchis, who have left the Kuldja province to be under the Russian masters, than remain there to be subject to the Chinese. We next came to Borokhudzir, where we found an official awaiting us, sent by the kindness of Governor-General Kolpakovsky all the way from Kepal, to accompany us, and to see that we were not hindered for lack of horses. A piece of official kindness greater than this I had never met, and those only can appreciate its worth who have had to travel hundreds of miles through the Kirghese steppes to Bokhara, to the illustration of which Khanate the next supplement will be devoted.

HENRY LANSDELL, D.D.



RUINED CHINESE GATEWAY AT SUIDUN

bottom of the bowl, which he did not hold continually in his hand, but took one long whiff, and then the bowl was emptied of tobacco and taken away by an attendant until called for again. This suggested my asking him if the smoking of opium were general among the Chinese. He replied that many practised it, and when I said I feared that it was working evil in China, he replied that it was against the law, the penalty for breaking which was to have one's tongue cut. I fancy, however, this was said with a wink, for



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

"John Thorndyke escorted Miss Rockingham to the door barcheaded."

FROM POST TO FINISH :

A RACING ROMANCE

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," "AT FAULT," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GERALD'S IDENTITY PROCLAIMED

We are most of us blessed with spinster aunts. I am not speaking ironically of that acidulated maiden lady who, in consideration of having money to leave behind her, deems herself entitled both to cross-examine us about our doings, and lecture us severely should they not meet her approval, but of one of those dear old ladies who are pleased with small attentions, who take the greatest interest in the careers of all the family, who keep up a desultory correspondence with every branch of it, and are always doing small kindnesses to some of "the failures" amongst us. They invariably know more about the family as a whole than any one, and are usually, in some occult way, among the first to hear of any good or evil that may have befallen us. Ellen Rockingham had an aunt of the latter type whom she regarded as a real infliction. Aunt Mary, Mrs. Rockingham's elder sister, was a sweet-tempered, chatty old lady, with a modest independence and a large circle of acquaintance, amongst whom she was extremely popular. Moving, as she did, from one apartment in the vicinity of Portman Square, she was always quite *au fait* with all the current topics of the day, to say nothing of its *off-sip*. Ellen was one of the few people who didn't get on with

Aunt Mary, and the cause of discord was Ellen's extreme religious views. Miss Stacey was quite orthodox, but very conventional in her worship. The old lady was quite content with going to church once on the Sabbath, and deemed it no great sin to indulge in forty winks during the sermon. She was quiet and unostentatious in her little charities, and perhaps did no great good in her life, but then she assuredly did many little kindnesses and no harm. Aunt Mary a little laughed at Ellen's night-schools and plans for the elevation of the bucolic mind, and thought that the Cranley people infinitely preferred their Christmas coals and blankets to drowsy discourses, and the shrewd practical help in time of trouble of the late Rector to the methodistical teaching and stern rebukes for improvidence that the present Incumbent so delighted to administer. Of course Aunt Mary was right. Humanity does prefer a shilling and a kindly word to the shilling with the addendum of a severe lecture on the want of thrift that necessitates the need of it.

Now, Aunt Mary, in the expansiveness of her nature, when she heard of Alister Rockingham's death and the ruin that followed, had written promptly to her sister, and proposed that she and Ellen should make their home with her, a proposition which was kindly but firmly rejected. Still, Aunt Mary naturally took the keenest interest in the fallen fortunes of her sister. Some of the sunniest days of her life had been passed at Cranley, and she had entertained

a most sincere affection for her brother-in-law. That Aunt Mary maintained a constant correspondence with St. Leonard's Place may easily be imagined, and she was therefore fully informed of Gerald's mysterious disappearance. She knew how uneasy his mother and sister were about him, but what she did not know was the change his father's death had wrought in Gerald. The last time she saw her nephew he had been a bright, laughter-loving boy, but the stern compulsion of earning his own living, and the knowledge that his mother and sister must depend upon him for those luxuries which were almost necessities for women brought up as they had been, had hardened his character and transformed him at one bound into a man. The small income derived from the few thousands settled on Mrs. Rockingham at her marriage was all that she and Ellen had left to them, and Gerald was very anxious to supplement that to some extent.

Mixing a good deal in society, Miss Stacey was not very long before she heard the mysterious Jim Forrest talked about. People, indeed, began to be very full of this little romance after Goodwood. From the club smoking-rooms the story of the gentleman who had turned professional jockey speedily spread all through the London world, and many curious eyes were bent on the lad's dark face from among the brilliant throng that crowded the Grand Stand at the great Ducal meeting. Still, Jim escaped recognition on that occasion,

but the attention that had now been drawn to him made it, as Farrington had warned him, quite impossible that he could do so much longer.

Ere the October Meetings were over at Newmarket he had been recognised by some Yorkshire gentlemen as young Gerald Rockingham, and the fact was soon noised all over the Heath. The first intimation Gerald received that his *incognito* was at an end came from Lord Whitby. The news had reached the ears of that sporting but choleric old peer, and happening to encounter Gerald shortly afterwards in the Birdeage, he astonished him not a little by holding out his hand, and exclaiming :

"I shall be proud to make your acquaintance, Mr. Rockingham. I knew your poor father well, and a better, kinder-hearted fellow never breathed. Gad! I admire your pluck, and, by Jove, you're likely to do what neither your father nor myself ever did—make money out of racing."

"I had to do something for myself, Lord Whitby," replied Gerald, as he shook hands, "and bar ride and shoot there seemed nothing I could do. I have done pretty well so far."

"Pretty well! I should think you had. The way you got Pibroch home at Goodwood would have been a credit to any of the old hands. Damme, I'll give you a turn myself before long. I can trust you because you are one of us, but for all that don't back your mount when you don my colours. My horses never can win somehow."

"Jim Forrest" thanked his lordship, but for all that he did not particularly covet any of his riding. The irascible peer was notorious on the turf for his persistent bad luck, and his violent outbursts of temper in consequence. It was not the money, for he was enormously wealthy, and, to do him justice, nobody cared less about money than Lord Whitby, but he did hate being beaten. In the first tempest of his wrath at defeat—and horses will at times fail to do what is expected of them—he was wont to cast round for some scapegoat upon whom the cause of his disappointment might be properly fastened. Obviously his trainer and jockey stood out as the proper recipients of his ever strongly expressed feelings on such occasions, and no man on the turf had changed his trainers and jockeys so often as Lord Whitby. It struck Jim at once that a ride on one of his lordship's nameless horses might be productive of much unpleasantness, albeit he had done his very best by his mount. His not naming his colts was another idiosyncrasy of the hot-tempered though kind-hearted nobleman.

That the mysterious Jim Forrest is none other than the son of Alister Rockingham, who died a ruined man at the commencement of the year, stricken to the death by his terrible losses over the Phaeton Leger, is a tale that spreads like wildfire through the clubs, and midst country houses, and it is not long before Aunt Mary, sojourning in one of these latter, is made aware of it, her informant having no suspicion that Miss Stacey was the aunt of this young Centaur who had just appeared above the turf horizon. Aunt Mary was thunderstruck; she hardly knew for some hours what to think of it. That a Rockingham should be getting his living in such fashion seemed terrible in the old lady's eyes, but at the same time she could not but admire the way in which her feather-pated nephew had met the shock of disaster, and then again Aunt Mary had lived too much in the horse-loving county and amongst racing men not to feel a wee bit proud of his deeds of "derring do" in the saddle. No need to laugh at the word, though it is only the initiated of the racecourse who comprehend the nerve, head, and hands it requires to come round Tattenham Corner "on the rails."

Aunt Mary, on the receipt of this news, hurried up to her bedroom to think it all out. Firstly, had Mrs. Rockingham and Ellen the faintest idea of what Gerald was doing—it was some weeks since she had heard from them—and secondly, what were they all to do about it? That Gerald had taken his life into his own hands, and was little likely to listen to what kith or kin said concerning the manner of it, was a thing that Aunt Mary had no conception of. The good soul thought that she would have to assist at a little family council, consisting of herself, her sister, and her niece, at which, whether it was possible for Gerald to continue this—well, she would call it eccentric freak—might be calmly debated; and, actuated by that impression, made up her mind to write to York at once. The only question was whether it were best to write to Mrs. Rockingham or Ellen. She was quite aware that she did not quite hit it off with her niece; but then she was quite alive to her being a very much stronger character than her mother. Still, Aunt Mary could not help thinking that Ellen would be very much shocked at the calling it had pleased her brother to adopt. It might be lucrative; he might be a great success in it; but surely it was rather *infra aig.* for a Rockingham to be riding racehorses for hire.

She knew that, though Ellen was no doubt sincere in her Calvinistic doctrines, humility entered but small into her profession of faith. She judged rightly that her niece would carry her head high as ever in adversity, being quite aware that Ellen was as proud a girl as ever stepped. She felt pretty sure that Mrs. Rockingham and her daughter must be still in ignorance of this caprice—so Aunt Mary called it to herself—of Gerald's. Still, it was only right that they should be made acquainted with it, now poor Alister was gone. Gerald had nobody to look to for advice but his mother and aunt; and a boy of eighteen required some guidance in shaping his life.

Ah! Aunt Mary, you don't know that boys with any grit in them settle these things best for themselves, and without much reference to their womenkind.

So Aunt Mary sat down and indited a letter to her niece, in which she told the story of Gerald's career as far as she had been able to learn it. There were plenty of people who were able to narrate the history of Jim Forrest; but Miss Stacey was a little shy in her inquiries if she thought people the least aware that she was that rising horseman's aunt. Still, so much was it the topic of conversation, that in a few days she had got over all sensitiveness on that point. The men—and their opinion does count for something in the long run—were pretty well unanimous in their admiration both of his pluck and his horsemanship.

"When a fellow's ruined, by Jove! you know; what's a fellow to do?" observed the Hon. Bob Maxley; who, having reached that same crisis some ten years previously, had lived comfortably on his friends and relations ever since. "He's quite right to see if he can't get back some of the money the confounded beggars took from his father"—a speech which, though a little incoherent, inasmuch as it is only natural that the bookmakers, who follow the *figures*, should in the long run invariably get the best of the backers, who follow their *fancies*—simply meant that Alister Rockingham had shared the fate that has attended so many all through a "backing of the favourite!"

Even the women for the most part seemed to think there was nothing derogatory in the line Gerald had taken up. It was so eccentric!—it was so romantic! Then he was a success! and women love success! He was quite a lion; and they love that still more. Then, again, he was said to be good-looking, and tongues were wagging much about him; and, finally, when Lady Di Franton declared she would bring up her youngest boy to the same profession, Aunt Mary altogether succumbed before the verdict of that sporting Peeress, and wished now that she had unfolded the tale of Gerald's iniquity in less despondent fashion.

We are all influenced more or less by the opinions of our fellows—women more especially—and with good reason, for none of them can afford to ignore any combined opinion of their own sex. Aunt

Mary suddenly found herself quite a person of some little importance, simply owing to her relationship with the fashionable jockey. That all this should produce a complete reaction in Aunt Mary's opinion was only natural. Upon first hearing of Gerald's career she had felt not a little ashamed; now, as might have been expected, she waxed rather garrulous concerning it, and pronounced his conduct noble; nay, heroic! confided to her hearers that her nephew was the greatest horseman this or any other age had seen; and then proceeded to recount sundry of his youthful exploits on his pony with the York and Ainstey, or over the Cranley pastures.

At length Aunt Mary received a reply to her letter. Ellen's answer ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR AUNT,—

"You know how anxious we have been about Gerald and what he was doing; but even that anxiety was easier to bear than the dreadful tidings you sent us. How he can have so utterly forgotten what he owes to his family as to accept such employment as you talk of would be beyond my comprehension but for one thing. He is the victim at present of an unfortunate entanglement with a young person, the daughter of a man of that class; and though, in the first instance, I looked upon it as a mere boyish flirtation, I fear it is likely to end much more seriously.

"I fancy I can hear you say, 'You don't mean he is thinking of marrying her?' Yes, my dear aunt; I am very much afraid that is what he will do, in spite of all our remonstrances. You don't know how Gerald has altered of late. He has become so hard and obstinate, and takes his own way about things without reference to mamma or me. That the strange career he has adopted was at this young woman's suggestion I have no doubt; that our united persuasions will fail to induce him to abandon it I have also no doubt; and yet surely it is our duty to try what we can do.

"Here Gerald's dreadful secret is as yet unknown; but for you, Aunt Mary, how I pity you! I wonder how you ever dare face society. It must be so very awkward to be stared at as the near relative of a professional jockey, or to have to listen to the comments made on Gerald's conduct by those ignorant of the relationship. Our ruin, except for mamma's sake, I felt but little, and this cannot help saying that I think Gerald might have spared us this disgrace. I will send you his address as soon as I know it; and you will write to him, won't you? It is our duty to do all we can to save him from the life of degradation he has chosen.

"Good bye. Kindest love from mamma, who like myself is quite upset by this new affliction.

"Ever dear Aunt Mary,

"Your affectionate Niece,

"ELLEN ROCKINGHAM."

The news that Gerald meant to marry among those of his vocation was a blow Miss Stacey was quite unprepared for. She knew very well that though society in its caprice might applaud "Jim Forrest," the successful jockey, and even make a lion of him, they would not recognise his wife if she sprang from that class, and then Aunt Mary pictured a buxom young woman with hoydenish manners as unlike Dolly as possible, and knit her brows as she wondered what the family would be able to make of her. However, she reflected Gerald was only just nineteen, and Ellen probably overrated his obstinacy. When he was seriously talked to by them all, he would no doubt see that this could not be. Boys did get engaged in this ridiculous fashion sometimes, but nothing ever came of it. Gerald's offending would terminate, no doubt, in the usual fashion.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ELLEN CONSULTS JOHN THORNDYKE

HER letter to Aunt Mary barely conveyed Ellen's real view on the subject of Gerald's offending. She really could not have been more horrified at hearing her brother was somebody's stud groom; a most respectable and trustworthy position, no doubt, but not one that any girl, born a lady, could feel anything but shocked at finding her brother holding. She racked her brain as to what was to be done. That anything she, her mother, or her aunt could say would turn him from his course she utterly disbelieved; but that he was to be left to continue such a disgraceful calling without stern remonstrance on the part of his near relatives Ellen thought would be monstrous, and argue disgraceful neglect of a mere boy on their part. But who was to speak to him? Ah, that was not quite so easy to say. There were plenty of people, no doubt, who might speak, but to whom of them was Gerald likely to pay the slightest attention? To those related or connected with him, Miss Rockingham made answer to herself—None.

Then Ellen had an inspiration—what if she should ask John Thorndyke to expostulate with him? She did not herself at all hold with those very Broad Church views which characterised the Rector of St. Margaret's, but her common sense told her that, could they be brought together, this was the man of all others to talk to her brother about the disgrace he was bringing upon his family. And yet she felt a little shy about entering into family affairs with Mr. Thorndyke. Still, who was she to speak to? Something must be done, and at once, and if any one could appeal to Gerald with some chance of success, the liberal-minded and whilom sporting Rector—for he owned freely and mirthfully to that backsliding—was, she thought, the man to do it. Miss Rockingham had seen a good deal of John Thorndyke lately, and had conceived a great respect and esteem for him. She still held that his bold views and frank outspoken treatment of things religious savoured of want of reverence, yet she was fain to confess that she could not call Mr. Thorndyke himself irreverent, while she acknowledged that the man was thoroughly honest and in earnest. If his treatment of his parishioners was, to say the best of it, peculiar in her eyes, she knew that he nevertheless worked hard amongst them, and had undoubtedly won their confidence and regard; while those short stirring addresses, with a good deal of sting in them, too, at times, she saw roused the congregation in a manner that she looked in vain for elsewhere. Miss Rockingham wondered at times whether Mr. Thorndyke might not understand how to influence men's hearts better than Mr. Brushley, who, though he preached at considerable length, was wont to have a soporific effect on his hearers. She was still a constant attendant in the latter's church, and took no inconsiderable part in the work of that parish, but in this, her hour of trouble, it was John Thorndyke whose help she determined to seek, and not that of the clergyman of her election. Ellen felt instinctively that Gerald would listen with scant patience to an appeal from Mr. Brushley, but thought somehow with John Thorndyke it might be different.

It was on a cold, raw November day that Ellen, wrapped in furs, relies of her former grandeur, of the time when she was Miss Rockingham of Cranley Chase, made her way across the city in the direction of Walngate Bar. The parish of St. Margaret's clustered round the splendid old gate which, with barbican and portcullis, dominates the Hull Road, standing in rather a poor-looking part of the city, tenanted in great measure by the artisan class. Ellen had never been to Mr. Thorndyke's house before, but had no difficulty in finding it, there being plenty of people ready to point out where "t' parson" lived. In answer to her inquiry Miss Rockingham was informed that Mr. Thorndyke was out, but would probably be in before many minutes. Would she step in and wait?

"I'll show you into the study, if you'll excuse it, Miss," said the servant girl in response to Ellen's assent. "There is no fire in the drawing-room, and it's a raw morning. Master said he should be in by this, and he's mostly pretty close to his time."

Ellen looked round the room with the curiosity we all feel upon first seeing the sanctum of any one in whom we feel interested. It was not a large room by any means, and the walls were lined from top to bottom with bookcases. In the centre stood a writing-table, not a grecian dandified davenport, but a large, serviceable oaken one, covered with dark leather, and well garnished with drawers. Another plain, square table in the window, a comfortable armchair on either side of the fireplace, and a few other chairs scattered about, pretty well completed the furniture of the apartment. The tops of the bookcases were decorated with the busts of some of the most illustrious Greek and English poets—Eschylus and Homer, Shakespeare and Milton, &c., while the bookcases contained a *melange* that would have misled any one studying their contents considerably as to the position in the world occupied by their proprietor. Rows of the Greek dramatists and of the English classics clothed the shelves on the one side of the room, while on the other was a nearly complete edition of the "Racing Calendar," works on farming, treatises on angling, beginning with Izaak Walton, and then going down to what the more modern writers on scientific fishing had written on the subject. Judging from that room you would have pronounced the master of the house a scholar and a sportsman, but there was nothing suggestive that he was a clergyman.

Ellen had not to wait long before Thorndyke entered.

"Charmed to see you, Miss Rockingham, though I regret that I should have kept you waiting. Still I am glad that my people have the *nous* to show you into a room where there was a fire.

"I have come to consult you about a rather painful business," said Ellen, as she shook hands.

"I am sorry to hear it," replied Thorndyke, "but don't be in a hurry. Take your own time to tell me what your trouble is. I need scarcely say you are welcome to any advice or assistance I can give. Nothing the matter with Mrs. Rockingham, I trust?"

"No, thank you, my mother is quite well. It is about my brother that I wish to speak to you."

John Thorndyke made no reply, but quietly dropped into the armchair opposite Ellen, and waited for her to begin. He knew at once that she had at last discovered how Gerald was earning his bread, and from what the Rector knew of Miss Rockingham's feelings on such points guessed that the discovery was a cruel mortification to her.

"You know how anxious we were to find out where my brother was and what he was doing; we have heard at last, and, oh, Mr. Thorndyke, it's too dreadful—too disgraceful. He is getting his living as a common jockey!"

"Not quite that, Miss Rockingham, for he is already eminent in the profession of his adoption. You must forgive me feeling neither surprised nor shocked at what you tell me. I have known it some time. I don't know why, but last August, at Darnford's, when Farrington told us the history of Jim Forrest, I jumped to the conclusion that he was your brother. Still it was not till a couple of months later that I found my surmise was correct, and the confirmation of it came in a letter Farrington wrote to Durnford, in which he said, 'Fancy, my gentleman jockey, the Jim Forrest I told you about, turns out to be the brother of that handsome Miss Rockingham whom I met at your house last summer.'"

"Yes; my aunt wrote word that the story was in every one's mouth. Poor Aunt Mary! No doubt, she hardly dare go out for fear of being pointed at as the lady who has got a professional jockey for a nephew."

"Quite the reverse, I imagine, from what I hear. There is something so romantic in the idea of a son recovering from the quick-sands of the turf the argosy his father lost therein that your brother, Miss Rockingham, if he chose, might be the lion of the day. Titled and fashionable ladies would compete for his company at their table; but I am told he lives the life of an anchorite, and is not to be wooed from his seclusion by mere 'calces and ale' or 'ginger hot i' the mouth,'"

"Mr. Thorndyke!" cried Ellen, rising indignantly, "I come to you in my trouble, and you jeer at me—make a jest of what assuredly is no jesting matter to me."

"Miss Rockingham," said the Rector quietly, but with a sternness the girl had never encountered before in his manner, "I am not in the habit of jeering at people who come to me in their hour of sorrow. My office brings before me too many tales of real suffering which I am powerless to alleviate not to leave me tender-hearted and, I trust, sympathetic. If I have treated your trouble somewhat lightly, it is because it is imaginary. I have told you what I firmly believe to be the truth concerning it. Your brother is not held by the world to have disgraced himself, but, on the contrary, to have distinguished himself, and might, if he chose, be the lion of the hour."

"You can't really mean this, Mr. Thorndyke!" cried Ellen, perfectly agasp at such an utterly new reading of Gerald's conduct.

"Indeed I do. I look upon it that the world generally have the good sense to recognise the pluck and independent spirit that led your brother to turn to and support himself in the manner he best might, instead of sponging on his friends for the miserable bread of indolence. Remember, Miss Rockingham, that it is not given to all of us to follow the path in life we would have fain chosen for ourselves."

"And I counted upon you to speak to him, and point out the disgrace he was bringing upon his name and family," murmured Ellen.

"But I don't see that he is doing anything of the kind," rejoined Thorndyke. "Although I have no plea on which to intrude my advice upon your brother, still, had he fallen into vicious courses, or amongst evil associates, I would have done your bidding, Miss Rockingham. Gerald is leading a healthful life, and following a profession that requires energy, abstinence, and self-control. A young fellow can go through no better discipline, the worst of it is that it's a little too severe, and apt to produce a reaction resulting in a very Capua of self-indulgence."

"And you don't think we ought to remonstrate with him?" exclaimed Ellen, in a state of unmitigated surprise at the view Mr. Thorndyke took of her brother's proceedings.

"I think you had better leave Gerald to himself. From the independence of character he has already shown I should say he has taken his future into his own hands, and is little likely to brook remonstrance or advice from any one."

"I don't know what to think about it," rejoined Ellen, sadly.

"Miss Rockingham, let me tell you a little story," said the Rector, quietly. "When I was at the University there was a young fellow there from whom great things were expected in the future. He was not only amongst the foremost in the cricket field, and devoted to all kinds of sport, but he stood high in the estimation of the dons besides, for he worked, as he played, with all his might, and fought his way upwards till he was not only in the University Eleven, but had taken high honours to boot. The Bar was the career he had marked out for himself, and he was about to leave the University and commence the pursuit of fortune in that arduous profession, when the sudden death of his father changed the whole current of his life. His father was a quiet country clergyman, who died, leaving behind him a shy, delicate widow and an invalid daughter, besides this young fellow at college. The mother,

as those sny, sensitive women always do, trembled at the bare idea of transplantation, whilst the daughter was equally dismayed at the idea of facing a new world. Where they were they knew every one; they had numerous friends even amongst the tradespeople. The late Rector had been very popular, and at the earnest request of the parishioners, backed by the strong testimonials in his favour of the authorities of his college, the Bishop offered the living to his son, proposing to put in a curate in charge till such time as the son could get ordained, and otherwise qualify. Whether he did rightly or no is not for me to say, but my friend, after taking one night to think over it, accepted the Bishop's offer. It was the one way he could keep a comfortable home—the home, moreover, they were attached to—over the heads of his mother and sister. You may say he had no right to embrace so sacred a vocation without feeling a decided call for it. He acted as he thought right. He sacrificed himself for those nearest and dearest to him, and from the moment he elected to take up the cross, abandoned all those pursuits of which hitherto he had been so passionately fond, as incompatible with his new profession. Like your brother, Miss Rockingham, he was compelled to embark in a career not of his own electing; but whatsoever his hand found to do he did it with all his might, and has ever laboured honestly and conscientiously to do his duty in that path of life to which it pleased God—not himself, mind—to call him. A man, I hold, can do no more.

John Thorndyke became silent, and was apparently absorbed in reverie. Ellen broke the stillness by never a word.

At last she spoke.

"Mr. Thorndyke, you are wiser and better than I; and I beg your pardon for troubling you with my foolish pride. Your story—for of course it is your own—is strangely like my brother's; but—but you had the alternative of—I can't help saying it—embracing the profession of a gentleman; while poor Gerald—"

"Had to embrace a more healthy, lucrative, and, to him, congenial career. Pray, don't distress yourself about your brother, Miss Rockingham. You will find most men and women whose opinion is worth having, ay, and worldly people, too, will endorse my opinion, and admire your brother's pluck and independence."

"I hope we may get used to it in time," replied Ellen, with just a slight shake in her voice; for this really was a serious trouble to the girl; "and that Aunt Mary may not find it a serious annoyance in society. And now I must say good-bye, with many apologies for trespassing so long upon your good nature. Only one question more," she added softly. "I trust your mother and sister are happy?"

"They have both been at rest now some years, Miss Rockingham; but that their last days on earth were tranquil was an inexpressible consolation to me. Good-bye."

John Thorndyke escorted her to the door bareheaded; and, as Ellen walked home, she thought about the Rector of St. Margaret's in a way she never had yet. He had become a hero in her eyes.

(To be continued)



MR. WILLIAM BLACK'S "Judith Shakespeare, A Romance" (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), is not a happy experiment either in the art of developing biographical hints, or in that of story telling. A very obvious piece of prudence is no doubt to be credited with the shadowy treatment of Judith's father: but the prudence was insufficient. An adequate amount would have taught Mr. Black to leave Shakespeare altogether alone. His object, we presume, is to show Shakespeare as he appeared to his fellow-townsmen in his latter days—vaguely reputed great, but sharing the common life, and taking life in general with an easy humour. But though it would have been absurd to put Shakespeare, of all men, on stilts, he need not have been displayed as confining his talk to twaddle. Judith herself is a graceful enough creation, with a good many very womanly touches: and that is about the best that can be said for a hopelessly uninteresting anecdote to which its description as a romance is singularly ill applied. Of course Mr. Black has taken the trouble to sprinkle the volumes with Shakespearean quotations, and with more or less contemporary ballad literature. But nothing he has done alters the effect, which is that of a picture of Stratford and its folk seen through a pair of pre-eminently nineteenth century spectacles. It is the modern sentiment that has gathered about the man and place which Mr. Black produces. Whether the subject could have been better treated it is impossible to say. Such a picture as he has attempted would have required a combination of minute learning with a vividness of imagination, and with a power of forgetting the nineteenth century and all its characteristic thoughts and ways, such as has belonged to few, if any. Still, though it must be regarded a failure so far as its pretensions are concerned, it will be found light and amusing. The local and personal allusions are pleasant to fall upon, and the general shadowy nature of all the characters save Judith herself prevents any strain upon the reader's attention or sympathy. Although a full half of the work consists of repetition or unnecessary matter, it is difficult to see how so slight an anecdote could have been expanded into the number of volumes supposed to be needed.

May Crommelin's novel, "Joy: or, the Light of Cold-Home Ford" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is the performance of an old promise made in "Orange Lily" several years ago, and never till now adequately fulfilled. We feared rather that it had been lost and forgotten. "Joy" however renews the original merits, and betters them, and the faults that remain, though not a few, are by no means of a kind to make yet further improvement unlikely. To begin with the faults, she has not been particularly happy in the choice or in the construction of her story. She has found it, or thought it, necessary to introduce an element of tragedy: and tragedy is not suited to Miss Crommelin's pen. It seems out of place in a work which is otherwise a succession of idylls. She is often exceedingly pathetic, but always in proportion to the simplicity of her materials. The result is that, as the story grows more complex, and should grow in strength, it does not improve. But it is not from the plot-making point of view that "Joy" is to be considered. Both nature and human nature are dealt with in a masterly manner—the former exquisitely. It is high praise to say, as in this case, that one wishes there were even more of the descriptive element. Miss Crommelin's pictures, with their unaffected grace, have very much of the effect of music: and she knows so well how and where to stop that she seems to stop almost too soon. This quality also serves her in good stead when she is dealing with detached scenes, and is often in its effect more than a substitute for power. As to her characters, while some are rather bizarre, all are faithful to their original conception, and devotion and self-sacrifice to the point of heroism have seldom been more pathetically portrayed than in the case of Rachel. The book is certainly to be read, and cannot fail to be enjoyed.

"Raymond's Atonement," from the German of E. Werner, by Christina Tyrrell (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), on the other hand, increases in strength as it proceeds, and the reader is warned not to be disheartened by the rather unpromising character of the opening. Indeed the preliminary slow movement brings the ensuing power into all the fuller relief from the moment it begins to grow. The

motive is very similar to the novel by the same author translated under the title of "Success, and How He Won it," in which hostile prejudice is at last, despite seemingly insuperable difficulties, triumphantly overcome. There is a special flavour of romance, however, about the present work, inasmuch as it is laid upon a background of castles and forests, while the two principal characters are a feudal noble and a gloomy priest who might have stepped straight out of a medieval gallery. Among many fine and striking scenes, perhaps the finest and most effective is the climax itself, where Nature herself, in the form of a flood, becomes *deus ex machina*, and transforms the hated Baron and reputed wizard into a popular hero. The work is essentially of a dramatic kind. Doubtless something of its effect in its English dress is due to the great merit of the translation. But for its entirely foreign subject, it could easily have passed for an original English novel: and it is to be wished, in that connection, that we had really a Werner of our own.



THE London season has begun very early in consequence of the Autumn Session. Our parks and theatres are crowded with such fashionable visitors as are not usually to be seen before May, hence milliners and dressmakers are unusually busy preparing the toilettes required for the various festive occasions together with those for morning attire.

One of the most popular materials in Paris is *limousine* of the finest quality; the foundation of a subdued tint, autumn leaf, moss green, or copper colour, striped across with velvet in many shades. In the French capital ribbon velvet has quite superseded braid, which is pronounced *demi-dé*, but in England there is quite a rage for braid trimmings, from the widest, some three inches in width, to the narrowest, scarcely wider than a coarse thread. For tailor-made cloth or serge dresses, braid has a neater appearance, and is certainly more durable than velvet when required for rough usage. Nothing can look more natty and comfortable on a raw and foggy November day than a costume of serge, or a new and very warm material called German baize, made in dark blue, green, or claret; on the short skirt a hem, above which rows of unshrinkable braid, in graduated widths, of black, cream, or the colour of the dress. Polonaise, trimmed with narrow braid in a design, more or less simple, the drapery not too complicated, in fact, the thick materials are better without drapery, made plain in front, and gathered thickly at the back, so as not to stretch tightly over the *tournure*. Those of our readers who have skirts which are in good condition whilst the bodices are too thin to wear, or are worn out, will be glad to learn that *Madame La Mode* has sanctioned the mixture of colours and materials between bodice and skirt; Jerseys come in very nicely: for example, a black Jersey handsomely braided in black and gold, with a few small gold or steel beads introduced, goes well with any coloured skirt.

We are all getting tired of the red costumes, which owed their popularity more to their novelty than to their pleasing appearance; it is easy to make them a background for dark trimmings by removing all drapery, and on the plain skirt placing tucks of dark blue or green flannel, or serge, of, say, four inches deep, leaving a space between the red foundation on which should be an arabesque design in narrow black braid; this should be continued to the waist. A jacket of stockingette, blue or green, with a red waist-coat, collar, and cuffs, braided to match the skirt. With this costume should be worn out of doors a short cloth jacket, trimmed with vicuna or fur, and a Tam o' Shanter or Beefeater hat of cloth or velvet.

A very pretty costume shown to us recently was of tobacco-brown serge, made with a plain hem, above which was a braid eight inches wide, of a lighter shade than the foundation, in which was woven gold thread; the tunic was trimmed with braid four inches wide and draped in soft, graceful folds on the left hip, where it was fastened with long loops of terry velvet shaded ribbon. The corsage opened over a waistcoat of braided serge with fancy gold buttons. Very stylish trimmings are made of velvet and gold braid in a raised pattern, and of chenille and velvet. Sometimes these braids are quilled up at the edge or in the middle.

The manner in which costumes are made is so varied, and so much according to the taste and figure of the wearer, that it is difficult to particularise them. As a rule each side of the skirt is differently trimmed; on the right side will be a flat panel of brocaded velvet or silk, on the left a panier or folded drapery. The front of the skirt is fully trimmed with gatherings or pleats; sometimes a velvet panel decorates the right side, and a flat or frilled trimming of lace is on the left side. At other times the skirts when made of a figured material are cut out on the hem in battlements through which puffs or quillings of a different material and contrasting colour peep out.

We recently saw a very pretty costume from Paris; it was made of dark blue vicuna raised on the left hip over a velvet petticoat of the same shade, made quite plain; the bodice of vicuna was made with a shawl *fichu*, starting from the left shoulder, and fastened on the right at the waist; military collar of blue velvet embroidered in gold, velvet waistband, fastened with a silver clasp; felt hat, with peacock's feathers.

Another costume was of Indian cashmere, rifle green, made quite plain, opening over a waistcoat of shot velvet, which is very fashionable this season; the plain Princess dress was of green, a very dark shade, with a deep pleating on the hem.

A very elegant costume was recently given by a French contemporary; the round skirt was of *grénat* velvet, and was quite plain, the Princess overdress was of claret and white striped satin, with a wide plastron of Brussels lace, and a wide edge of lace round the hem.

A very charming dinner dress was made of brown velvet, with small golden brown spots, most artistically draped over a golden brown satin, and trimmed with golden-brown satin and terry velvet. A very pale blue satin, and antique Valenciennes lace was arranged with a pallium drapery which had a novel effect.

We saw some very charming evening dresses for young people. One was of the material called *canvass*, trimmed with real Yak lace, alternate lace flounces and tucks; on one side were very long loops of cream terry ribbon, with this was to be worn a Swiss bodice of cream velvet, or a sleeveless Zouave jacket of pale blue Ottoman velvet, trimmed with silver lace and drop fringe, or gold embroidery and fringe. The other was of antique Valenciennes insertion, from waist to hem, with alternate groups of small book muslin tucks; a wide flounce of lace at the bottom; with this may be worn a baby bodice of muslin; for a very young girl, or for a well-formed figure, a velvet bodice.

A very happy thought was carried out by the modiste who had made this costume: a muslin petticoat, arranged in fine pleats from waist to hem, was gathered in with the dress, and the two mounted on a *tournure*. This prevented that inequality of lengths which so often is seen with muslin skirts.

Another pretty costume was of black silk net, with crimson floss pompons and gold centres; the skirt was a half-draped ballet skirt. A very graceful ball dress for a young girl was of cream Melbourne, a soft variety of Surah, draped with a very deep flounce of Mechlin lace, above an elaborate flounce of the material.

Decidedly out of the common was a skirt of beige-coloured narrow lace flounces, mounted on cream-coloured muslin, which

threw up the tint of the lace very effectively; it was trimmed with a beautiful shade of beige-coloured terry ribbon.

A few words as to hats and bonnets; the former are only worn for the morning promenade, and by quite young girls; the most fashionable shapes, we cannot say the most becoming, are very high in front, trimmed with large bows, flowers, and feathers. By the way, it is the fashion in Paris to send your bonnets once a fortnight to the perfumers, in order that he may perfume the flowers on them. The two most popular shapes are the helmet-shaped hat and the gable-shaped bonnet.

Velvet embroidered in gold is much used for bonnets; cinnamon-coloured felt and straw with dark velvet and feather trimming. The latest novelty of the season is a crochet bonnet made of soft wool in red or gold colour, trimmed with velvet. Birds are again much used for trimming bonnets and dresses, *tant pis*, for it is a barbarous custom. As winter draws near we find all the bonnets are made with strings of satin, velvet, or lace, or all three combined.

The *fichus* prepared for this month are well worthy of notice. A decided novelty is made with a full quilling of black or white lace, a plait of gold fine cord goes round the throat and at the edges of a long *jabot*; the same design is made in jet, lace, and cardinal-coloured plush ribbon. Another novelty was of cream or any pale-coloured crêpe, with chenille spots, in the centre of which are very tiny gold rings, fastened at the back with a satin bow, and finished off in the front, below the waist, with a double fan of lace, fully gathered. A very quaint *fichu* was made of velvet all on the left side, whilst on the right was a full trimming of coffee-coloured lace. —A round collar was made with about nine narrow pleats of Indian silk and a deep fall of lace, on the left side was a geranium-coloured velvet bow; the collar was fastened with a gold pin. A round collar was made with two rows of lace, quite plainly put on at the back, and two fan pleatings in front, fastened with a fancy pin. The same design was made in black Chantilly lace, with a fold of jetted lace.



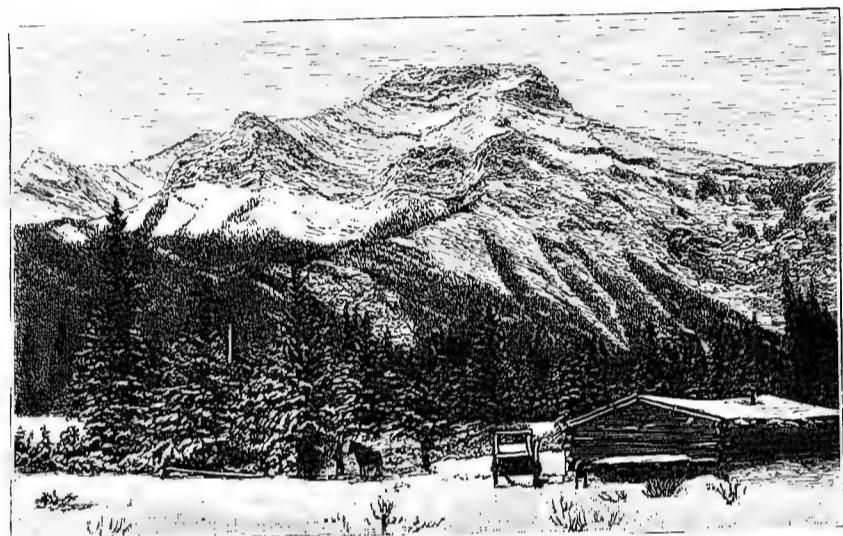
"BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS" (Longmans) are even more welcome than anything else would surely be that ex-Professor Max Müller could write. For more than half of the book is taken up with the lives of Orientals, and every one must be glad to get from the writer of "India: What Can It Teach Us?" a careful account and a very sober estimate of such typical men as Raja Ramnath Roy and Keshub Chunder Sen. The latter was Max Müller's dear friend; the letters between them are full of interest; yet his biographer does not fail to point out the falling away in the reformer's later years—how he grew more and more despotic and irritable, and claimed, by right of *Adesa*, or Divine command, the power of breaking laws which he had been the chief instrument in passing. Both lives will be most instructive to all who care to study the problem of India's future creed; while the account of Dayananda Saraswati, founder of the Arya Somaj, is here and there so full of humour as to make us regret the non-publication of the complete autobiography. Max Müller calls Dayananda the Hindoo Dr. Pusey, perhaps because, unlike Keshub and his followers, he long clung to the plenary inspiration of the Vedas, and never ceased to look on the Mantras (Vedic hymns) as wholly divine; but it is impossible to imagine a Dr. Pusey going to sleep inside an image of the Bull-God, and, when an old woman came to beg his Godship to eat up her offerings, stepping out and devouring them all to her immense elation. Besides two brief notices of Japanese scholars at Oxford, the volume contains a long life of Colebrooke, the real father of Sanskrit study, and one of Julius Mohl, the great Persian scholar, of whose want of patriotism in preferring Paris to Tübingen for his home and French to German for his translations, our author truly says: "In 1830 men were much more cosmopolitan than after 1848." After a life of Bunsen, reprinted from the "Chips," a panegyric on Kingsley, translated from the *Deutsche Rundschau*, had much better have been omitted. Kingsley's estimate of France was, even for him, grossly unfair; and to reproduce his blatant nonsense about "Sadowa being necessary for the physical safety of every North German household and the honour of every North German woman" shows a drolly bitter animus. Max Müller's estimate of Cardinal Newman is too slight, not to say slighting; and no notice of Kingsley can be fair which does not bring clearly out his immense debt to F. D. Maurice.

With Lady Holland's "Memoirs" and the "Published Correspondence" there hardly seems much need for Mr. Reid's book. One feels that no series of Remarkable Men would be complete without the wise and witty Rector of Combe Florey; and one would welcome a critical estimate of his position among English Men of Letters. Such an estimate Mr. Reid does not attempt to give. He is delighted at Sydney Smith's intolerance of what he called Newmania; instead of pointing out why it was impossible for him to sympathise with the Tractarian Movement. He regrets his equally blind intolerance of Methodism and missionary effort. Thanks to Miss Holland, he is able to publish for the first time (besides several letters) "A Treatise on Wit and Humour," written at Edinburgh, which names surprise as the essential element of wit, and "A little moral advice on the improvement of animal spirits," of which the sum is: "Keep plenty of lights burning, and take short views of life." Of course Mr. Reid gives the old jokes about "Bunch;" and the oranges tied on the thorn bushes; and the donkeys furnished with antlers; and the *mot* about an obstinate man, "You might as well try to poise the humps off a camel's back;" and the clever satire in the advice given to the Board of Control during the China war of 1842 to conquer Japan too while they're about it, "These Orientals have no right to shut themselves up in the way they're doing." He also does much more; he justifies his title, "The Life and Times of Sydney Smith" (Sampson Low), by giving pleasant sketches of most of the contributors to the *Edinburgh*, above all of Dr. Allen, through whom Sydney Smith got the *entrée* of Holland House. One thing we wish Mr. Reid could have told us—the jokes wherewith Sydney Smith, then a poor curate, soothed the dignity of the Holland House servants, offended at his walking from town and changing his shoes on the door-step.

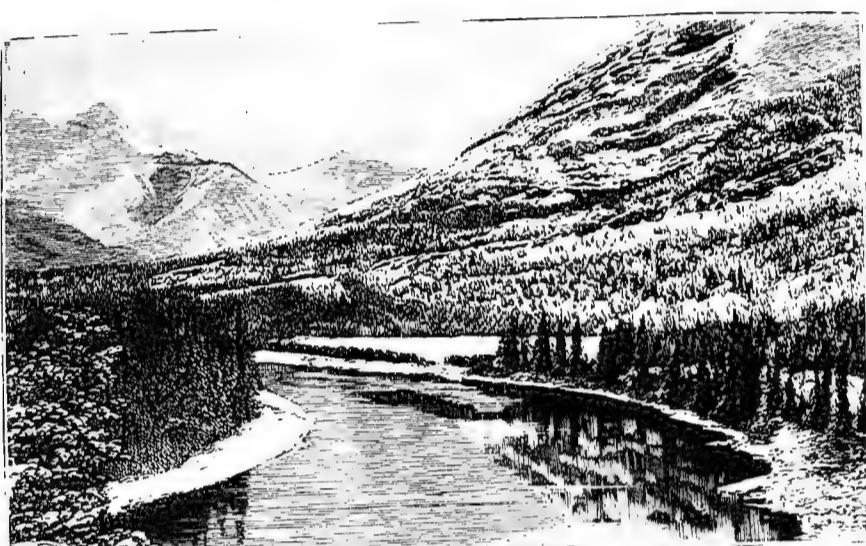
Lord Malmesbury's two volumes, "Memoirs of an Ex-Minister" (Longmans), have become famous thanks to the paper war between his lordship and Sir Algernon Borthwick. Into that controversy we shall not enter; we believe it is certain that the *Morning Chronicle* was to the day of its death regularly subsidised by Napoleon III.; and Lord Malmesbury is equally certain that the *Morning Post* was in the same position. The memoirs carry us from 1807, the date of the author's birth, to 1869, and help outsiders to form a notion of how the world is governed. They are delightful books to dip into, full of such quiet fun as Ristori, on his way back from a Greenwich dinner, sniffing with delight the Thames stench, then at its worst, and saying it reminded her of dear Venice; and Princess Edward and Lady Mary Craven, alarmed at a rumour that the Prince of Wales had been killed in Russia, flying in full faith to "Zadkiel," who foretold that some accident would happen to him in 1867; and the Duke of Athol, at the Battersea Agricultural Show, sitting on a bundle of straw, along with his



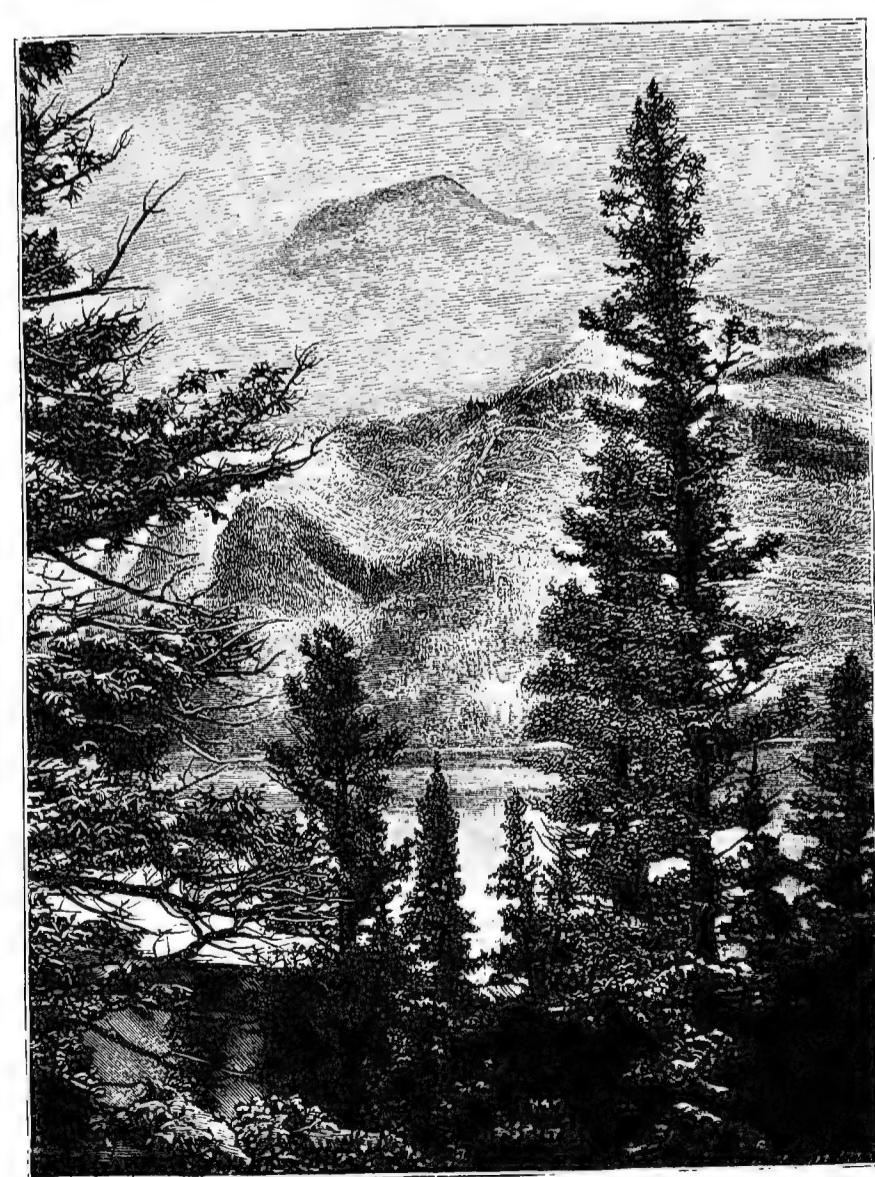
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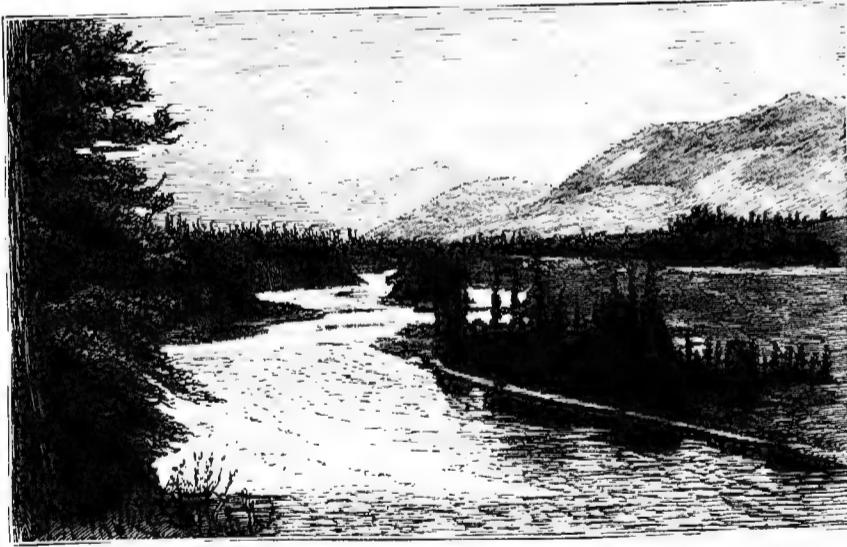
A PEAK OF THE ROCKIES IN THE BOW RIVER VALLEY



UP THE PASS OF THE BOW RIVER



A GLIMPSE IN THE BOW RIVER VALLEY



VIEW ON THE BOW RIVER LOOKING WEST TOWARDS PADMORE

A BLACKFOOT CHIEF REGARDING THE INVASION OF HIS "HAPPY HUNTING GROUND"
BY THE RAILWAY ADVANCE-GUARD



C. J. STANILAND:

WINDOW-GARDENING FLOWER SHOW, DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER—COMPETITORS TAKING IN THE EXHIBITS

prize cow's pretty dairymaid, and attending on both of them. The diary proper begins in 1832; but we are very glad of the forty pages of reminiscences. Lord Malmesbury remembers Bournemouth when smugglers and hen-harriers had it all their own way in the New Forest. The museum at Heron Court contains, he says, "every British bird, even the rarest," and he and his brother were early indoctrinated with a love of natural science. We do not know which we prefer, the anecdotal history, with the insight it gives into successive Tory administrations, or the lively sketch of days when it was treason to talk French.

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— all the more the towering genius of Shakespeare when

One feels all the more the towering genius of Shakespeare when he is brought closer than usual to his contemporaries. Still, vastly below him though they all were, and true though it is that "many of Ben Jonson's plays are cold academic treatises," it is going a little too far to call "rare Ben" of the "learned sock" "this obscure dramatist." He undoubtedly had the ear of the Court, where his masques were in great request; and it is the individual satire in his plays which prevents us from appreciating them as we do the more cosmopolitan Shakespeare. Mr. Jacob Feis, in "Shakespeare and Montaigne" (Kegan Paul) thinks that *Hamlet* was a protest against Montaigne's philosophy, lately brought into notice through the translation of the Essays by Jonson's great friend Florio. Montaigne was perforce hopelessly inconsistent. A Humanist, he claimed to be also a devout son of the Church. Mr. Feis, who writes with what in speaking would be called a foreign accent, thinks that Hamlet's "we will have no more marriages" is an echo of Montaigne's dictum, "the counsel of the saints deems single life to be more honest than marriage," and holds that the great dramatist saw in that Essay on Marriage a reversion to the old views about celibacy. Hamlet's views on death, too, are, thinks Mr. Feis, "the same as those of his model, Montaigne," not that Shakespeare approves of Montaigne, but that, throughout, he "is satirising the sentimental nobleman." This part of Mr. Feis's book is an expansion of John Sterling's remark that "the Prince of Denmark is very nearly a Montaigne." In his later chapters, besides treating of the controversy between Dekker and Jonson, he suggests that Androgyno in *Volpone* is meant for Shakespeare, while Parolles and Malvolio are caricatures of Jonson.

Professor Flint thinks an elaborate apology necessary for including "Vice" (Blackwood) among "Philosophic Classics." He is about

"Vico" (Blackwood) among "Philosophic Classics." He is about as unappreciated in England as Bishop Butler is in France and Germany. Yet few have had more influence on British and American thought than Butler, whom Germans like Ueberweg and Herzog and Tholuck either wholly ignore or grossly misunderstand. Vico and Butler are each truly national, and each has thereby gained instead of losing, for (in Professor Flint's words) "Nationality in thought as in action is a force as well as a limit." To the generation that is passing away, Vico is best known as the forerunner of Wolf and Niebuhr in determining the true theories about the Homeric poems and about the early history of Rome. In this age of more discursive scholarship some few have dipped into the "Scienza Nuova," which, owing its impulse to Descartes and Bacon, owes a good deal of its form to Grotius; but even the few who know most about him will be grateful for the masterly analysis which follows Professor Flint's sketch of the philosopher's unpromising life and surroundings. Nelson Coleridge is the only Englishman who has written more than a brief review on Vico, and he confines himself mainly to the Homeric speculations, while he confesses that his translation is made from Michelet's paraphrase. Such a void in our literature makes us all the more grateful for this scholarly little volume.

We are always finding out some new reason why Ireland is not

exactly what her best friends would wish her to be. The interest of these, put forth by such otherwise discordant authorities as Miss Hickson and the Rev. W. A. O'Conor ("History of the Irish People"), is that the country has always, since the coming in of the "Milesians," been cursed with a reckless unpatriotic *noblesse* who cared for nothing but fighting and pedigrees, and in whose steps the successive English settlers, however mean their origin, only too faithfully trod. This is too summary a way of settling a very large question; and, whether we accept it or not, Mr. O'Hart's "Irish and Anglo-Irish Landed Gentry at the Coming of Cromwell" (Gill, Dublin) is none the less very interesting, and to those who would go thoroughly into Irish history in the seventeenth century indispensable. The volume is a supplement to Mr. O'Hart's "Irish Pedigrees," and, besides many pedigrees omitted in that work, contains a full list of the forfeiting proprietors under the "Cromwellian Settlement," giving, when taken in connection with Mr. Prendergast's book, a notion of the clean-sweep which was made of the old landowners over a great part of the country. A glance at these, and at the list of the "164 officers" who received grants of land, shows how completely in the welter of party struggle the distinctions between Celts and Saxon were ignored—as well they might be, when O'Brien, Lord Inchiquin, was trying to play the part of an Irish Argyll, with Owen Roe O'Neil for Montrose. The book contains also a list of the old "Irish Brigade," and of Meagher's and the other "Irish Brigades" in the American war of 1861. It shows immense research, and is valuable not only to the genealogist, but to the historian.

valuable not only to the genealogist, but to the historian.

Mr. R. Folkard, jun., has enriched his own collection of "Plant Lore, Legends, and Lyrics" (Sampson Low), with large extracts from De Gubernatis, and has thus been enabled to produce a very comprehensive book on a very interesting subject. His second part is a list of 600 plants, with their myths, symbols, and history. His first part treats of world trees, trees of paradise, sacred plants, devils' plants, &c.—in short, of the general mythology of the subject. He has laid the whole world under contribution, telling us that the Quadi Indians, for instance, keep up the custom, reviving among ourselves, of planting a tree on the birth of a child. Of course he has a great deal to say, incidentally, about comparative mythology; but we are glad he eschews the solar-myth theory, which De Gubernatis worked to death when he found night and dawn in legends like that of the roadside succory. The get-up of the volume is admirably suited to the subject, and does much credit to the author, who is also the printer. The illustrations are curious; one of them, the Barometz or Tartarean Lumb, refers to a tale which in England outlasted the belief in the Barnacle or Goose-tree. Such fables the consistent Darwinian may look on as survivals from the days when the vegetable and animal kingdoms had not yet branched off in different directions. We are glad Mr. Folkard is chary of his lyrics; sometimes, as we read, we wish he had gone to the fountain-head—why should we accept Rapin's

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DUTCH INVADERS

FROM the days when the sailor ate the valuable tulip, and declared the bulb to be a very inferior kind of onion, the home of the tulip mania has been the centre from whence we have an annual invasion of the children of Flora, man-packed and Nature-packed, so that the glorious spikes of lily and hyacinth bloom, the parrot-tinted cups of tulips, and the golden crocus spear, all reach our shores in autumn without a petal damaged or their delicate fragrance injured by the unsavoury bilge that lurks within a vessel's hold. The peaty sand of the Low Countries seems to be especially adapted for the growth of bulbs, and year by year the demand seems to have so increased, that in addition to the enormous numbers that are

increased, that in addition to the occasional sales piled up in seedsmen's shops, there are regular tri-weekly sales by auction for larger buyers.

stores of Dutch flower-roots that invade our shores, and are sold in autumn by the million. There is not much to see at first but neat brown paper packets, till they are opened and a sample of their contents poured out upon the table, in company with a good deal of crisp husk, which is the refuse of cotton seed, a material that is elastic, and saves the bulbs from being bruised, while its dryness of nature is a preventive of mould.

Here are the first tumbled cut : some hundreds of brown baby bulbs, cutting their first teeth, and beautifully ivory-white they are, partaking of the shape of an incipient task ; though this tooth is but the shoot that shall expand, in spite of bitter wind and frost, to leaf and flower. Dutch, undoubtedly; their short, squat shape suggests it, without their name, *Grootvorst*. White crocuses they are, named after that gentle Crocus who, according to Ovid, was changed into a flower. A crocus, from its name, should be saffron yellow ; but florists and fashion give them also blue and violet. Each of these tiny vegetable cases is a puzzle—a box within box—the most central of which contains the germ of the flower that shall brighten the earliest spring. Next we have packets of small, disreputable-looking bulbs, exactly like thick-necked, unsaleable onions. These are the cased-up germs of the sweet scented beauty *Narcissus*, with the Dutch tacked on to the Greek. For here is *Staten General* and *Van Sion*, in addition to others of less Netherlandish names. Dutch suggests tulips, and here they are by the hundred thousand—smooth brown bulbs that follow the example of the crocus, and push an incipient tooth to gnaw its way through the superincumbent earth when their time shall come, with promises of long flag-like leaves, and the tall stem thus shall bear one gorgeous bloom, *Duc Van Thols*, *Bisant Verdikt*, and *Admiral Van Constantinople*. What would the shades of the old tulip growers—the men who valued some of their bulbs at even hundreds sterling—say if they saw great packets sold for a few shillings, each bulb most likely finer in its blossom than the best they had ?

As a rule, of course, how many of our floral beauties spring from a bulb, or what a storehouse of nourishment that neat compact series of layers is for the germ within. As a matter of course, every one knows a hyacinth, and it is taken as the type of a bulb—round, flattened, solid, and heavy; but those lilies, the silvery-white—sweet scented white, that is surely not equalled in its virginal beauty or surpassed in its delicious fragrance by any of the gorgeous importations that have lately come into vogue, though vastly different, are bulbs. Here is this *Lilium auratum*, the Golden Lily of Japan, grand in size, powerful in odour, perfect in colour, it is also fashionable; but the old masters did well when they placed the *Lilium candidum* in the Virgin's taper fingers; and it is just to say it can never be surpassed. But how different are its bulbs from those of the compact tulip or hyacinth! Every one is a ragged succession of scales that require delicate handling; and even then many fall off into the bag.

nice and round, that even as the sailor took the turnip for the vulgar, breath-infesting onion, any lady of culinary mind could very well be excused for pouncing upon a handful, and pickling them for cold meat days. But she would be wrong, for they suggest physic, not food; winter colds and sore throats, and the syrup taken to ameliorate the pain, for they are squills—the *Scilla* of the botanist, whose pretty blue flowers grow more popular year by year. And these shabby, dirty-looking little scraps are snowdrops—sootdrops would be more appropriate to them now; but out of their hearts will spring the pendant white blunted stars, the fair harbingers of spring, and perhaps the hardiest flowerets that grow. More shabby-looking scrubs, more than bulbs, every one a wonder, for from these spring forth the gloriously-coloured anemones, purples and crimson, violets and scarlet; from these others the many-petaled ranunculus, those solid balls of blossom grown so out of knowledge, and so highly educated by the florist that their poor relations, the buttercup and bachelor's button, would bow their glistening golden heads out of respect.

as fast as they reach the table they are all knocked down, and sold to the highest bidder. These solid-looking green bulbs will give forth blue blossoms, for they are those of the great *Agapanthus*, or African lily. Those that more resemble tubers belong to our white friend of the scroll; these again are yellowish or tinted, and combine in name the Royal and more comprehensive, for they are Crown Imperials; and these—surely these grotesque objects must be gnomes or kobolds, or goblins of the earth in a state of suspended animation, or has Dame Nature made them for a joke? The joke seems carried on when they bloom, for the blossoms come without a visible leaf. There is no joke though about the diseases for which this preparation in the pharmacopœia is an antidote, for colchicum suggests gout to sufferers from the hereditary ailment, and to florists the word brings memories only of lovely lavender crocus-like flowers, when the year is growing old.

is growing old.

And now, selling fast, are Dutch bulbs of a more familiar kind, the friends of greenhouse and the tall tinted glasses so dear to maiden ladies in the windows of their snug retreats. Hyacinths, beautiful flowers, beautifully named; for each is a glory to the eye, an excuse for flower-worship. *Von Schiller*, salmon-pink; *Madame Zoutman*, bright red; *Baroness van Thuyll*, of creamy white; *Madame Van der Hoop*, pure white—a colour, or want of colour shared with *Queen of Holland*; *Baron van Thuyll*, *Laurens Koster*, *Mignon de Dryshout*, and *Zeeberg*, all blue; *Koning van Holland* and *Ouwewinaar*, yellow. All heavy and round and Dutch in their solidity, and many with a family of tiny bulbils clinging to their skirts. There is a perfect cohort beside of Dutch invaders, recruited from the Holland farms, *Irids* and *Ixias*; Roman hyacinths for Christmas time; *Alliums* and *Sparaxis*, and, lastly, like the cavalry of the invaders, those *beaux sabreurs*, the sword-leaved bulbs—the *Gladioli*, to occupy our land next autumn in regiments with uniforms as varied as those of the Russian army: scarlet and crimson, pink and white,

as those of the Russian army : scarlet and crimson, pink and white, the most brilliant, well-drilled flowers of our beds.

A Dutch invasion coming in millions, each with land-hunger written in its face, seeking home and food in our sometimes sunny land. Here they are knocked down, as has been said, slaves to the highest bidder, who, spade and trowel armed, hastens to dig their graves. True, but too sombre a simile, even if it is but in hopes of the glorious resurrection that will come. For we meet these invaders in no unfriendly guise : on the contrary, it is with welcoming hand to lead them home, supply their wants, and never to be happy till each little friend—not enemy—is snugly tucked-up in

vases are allied to the excellent gallery depicting the geography, history, and customs of foreign lands. Here the experiences and trials of a Muscovite family give human interest to "All the Russias," wherein Miss E. C. Phillips pleasantly describes the leading features of the Czar's Empire, piecing together her facts with much care and ingenuity. And Miss J. Chesley's interesting sketch of ancient and modern Egypt and the Egyptians—"The Land of the Pyramids"—is framed in the same chatty style, brimming over with information. Both these volumes are well and plentifully illustrated, like the chronicles of State justice and injustice, "Stories of the Tower" (Cassell), by Mary Wilson. Though a trifle doleful, considering that most of the dramatic personae come to the block, these short chapters from the lives of celebrated prisoners will decidedly please juvenile readers. The biography of success is Mr. J. L. Nye's more cheerful theme in "Boys Worth Noting" (Sunday School Union)—anecdotes of the youth of famous men. To descend from the history of the human race to that of a lower order, Mrs. C. Campbell tells some capital stories of the animal world in "Natural History for Young Folks" (Nelson). The writer touches on those points most likely to attract the little ones, while Giacomelli's drawings are particularly good. Although belonging to this same class of instructional books, Mr. J. Crowther's "The Starry Cross" (Sunday School Union) is rather strong meat for babes, and certainly mature children will best follow his line of argument. In these chapters the author points out how Christianity was prefigured by the ancient powers ever since the foundation of the world, and traces the genesis of Christian doctrines in pagan faiths and symbols. Darwinism is a perfect red rag to Mr. Crowther, who is undeniably in earnest, and treats his subject cleverly.

as a whole, but so far few story books rise above the common level. Take several novelettes, for instance, all devoted to religious lessons. Miss A. Gilberne minutely relates the polishing of a rough diamond in "Beryl and Pearl" (Nisbet), but her heroine after all remains an unsympathetic being to the end. Three Scotch stories are little more out of the ordinary, especially the tale of a prodigal in "Preston Tower" (Oliphant, Anderson, Ferrier), by Jessie Swan, who has a keen eye for character, and well works out her plot. "Carlowrie" (same publishers) is a smoothly written record of village life by A. Swan, while Bruce Edward's ("Queenston," Scottish Temperance League) would be all the better if the author did not aim quite so much at saying smart things. Otherwise the book is fairly amusing, and moreover preaches temperance in a sensible manner. Now Mrs. Lucas Shadwell in "Angel's Resolve" (same publishers) forgets to be temperate herself in her fierce indictment against drink of any kind, and her picture is somewhat too stereotyped. So, too, are the familiar figures of the poor little girl and zealous clergyman, who bring another black sheep into the safe fold of total abstinence in "There's a Friend for Little Children," by Jessie Armstrong (Hodder and Stoughton). Yet one more on the temperance list is the Rev. E. Rain's "Schooler on the Beach" (Sunday School Union), which breathes a wholesome whiff of the fresh salt air from its pages. Boys would enjoy this cheery narrative of homely American fisher folk; nor could they fail to grow excited over the stirring scenes of the siege of Plymouth in the days of the Civil War when "I, Benjamin Holbeck" (same publishers) fought as a doughty Roundhead, and fell in love with a fair Royalist against all his cherished convictions. Indeed, Mrs. M. A. Paull has produced an excellent study of the times, while Miss Mary Rowell is no less successful when dealing with the period of the Second Charles in "Traitor or Patriot Blackie". Here the Rye House Plot serves as the groundwork for a romantic love episode, whose true characters are life-like beings, not dry sticks as in many historical tales. Again castaways claim sympathy, this time on the barren shores of Kerguelen Island, where the survivors from "The Wreck of the *Nancy Bell*" (Blackie) display the usual ingenuity under adverse circumstances. Certainly Mr. J. C. Hutcheson understands how to concoct a rattling sea-story.—Another boys' book is of more solemn tone, for Miss Grace Stebbing's "What a Man Soweth" (Nisbet) forcibly represents how small beginnings in dishonesty make great and sad endings. And younger brothers, anxious to appear grown up before their time, will find out from "Harry Bertram and His Eighth Birthday" (Nelson) that having their own way is not always so delightful as it seems. "C. E. W." points the lesson in pleasant style, more likely to impress young people than too much sermonising.

Prizes are always needed at Christmas time, so the Sunday School Union provides some suitable little books. Girls who want to go to sea against their parents' wishes may take warning from the woes of "Daring Tom," by E. C. Kenyon, although perhaps adventurous minds may think that the excitements of gorillas, lions, shipwrecks, and forest fires outweigh other disadvantages.—"Tim, the News-boy," by the author of "Buy an Orange, Sir?" and "Johnny's Search," by Mrs. C. M. Clarke, both tell of the good influence little boys may use, and the latter lady's "Con's Aerz," teaches much the same lesson for girls, while Miss E. Larter's "Long Marly" is the story of a most ideally conducted country school, with a very charming heroine.—"Do good to others" is the motto alike of Miss E. Marshall's "Heathercliffe," and Lady Dunboye's "Summerland Grange."

Madame de Witt's graceful works are well known in England, as her "On the Shore" (Sunday School Union), well translated by Mrs. H. N. Goodhart, possesses all the writer's old charm. It is only an uneventful record of children's doings in Normandy, the most bright and taking. These French boys' worst naughtinesses seem very mild compared with the mischief wrought by the sunburnt British umps of Miss L. T. Meade's "The Autocrat of the Nursery" (Hodder and Stoughton). They must have sadly tried their elders, but nevertheless are a very amusing family to read about and to look at, as pictured by T. Pym. Query, do not small readers get quite puzzled by the spelling of the baby language?—Some rather pretty fairy tales are contributed by Dorothea Sinclair in "Sugar Plums Children" (Remington), and for wee folks here is an entertainment mixture of pen and pencil drawings in "Bo-peep" (Cassell) with its big, easy text, besides two good collections of large engravings and short explanations from the Sunday School Union—"Pictures, Prose, and Rhymes," for weekdays, and "Bible Pictures," by Uncle Harry, for Sundays.—Certainly the elders who know the difficulty of suitably amusing little ones on Sundays will be grateful to some of the hints in "Sunday Afternoons for the Children" (Nisbet), by H. M. Barclay. But occasionally these Bible plays are more ingenious than advisable, and tend to bring sacred things down to a very low level, as in the case of the heavenly railroad.—Among the Scriptural literature also comes another paraphrase of the New Testament for children—somewhat resembling Miss Stretton's recent work—"The Story of the Life of Jesus," by the author of "The Story of the Bible" (Hodder and

High art picture-books are as pretty as ever, and a new brush now in the field. Miss Lily Chitty draws some sweet children both in "Harlequin Eggs" and "In and Out" (W. Swan Sonnenschein).

in "Hansque Eggs," and in "H and G" (W. S.) and her pages of flowers, birds, and animals are graceful and taste fully coloured. Ismay Thorn fits mild verse to the designs.

Our list of annuals includes *The Child's Own Magazine* (Sunday School Union), *Adviser* (Scottish Temperance League), *The Rosebud* (Clarke), and *Young England* (*Young England* Office), while among reprints we may mention a handsome fresh edition of *Mabel's Millions*, a collection of "Prestidigitatorial Confidences" — "From Le-

THE GRAPHIC



RICHARD BENTLEY and SON'S FORTHCOMING and STANDARD WORKS.

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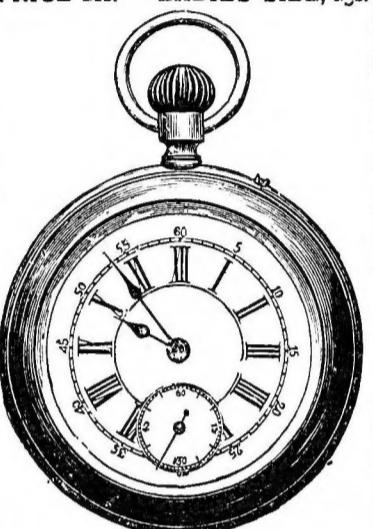
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